

The Sketch

No. 1094.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



THE SAME LADY AS OUR FRONT PAGE LAST WEEK; BUT NOT Mlle. PAULETTE FRANCK:
THE CHARMING Mlle. DELYSIA.

So much interest was aroused last week by the exceedingly pretty portrait on our front page that we give this week another portrait of the lady then shown, not only because of its charm, but to emphasise the point

that, by a regrettable mistake on the part of a Paris photographer, the portrait we published in this position last week was said to be that of Mlle. Paulette Franck, instead of one of Mlle. Delysia.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND":

On Patience. "People are always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude—and the rarest, too."

We were all taught in our youth, of course, that patience is a virtue, just as we learnt from our copybooks that a rolling stone gathers no moss. The virtue of being a stationary stone is not popular nowadays, but a great many nice people still cling to the belief that patience really is a virtue. As a matter of fact, patience is generally an excuse for laziness. When things are going awry, it is much easier to sit down and be patient about it than to get up and try to set them straight. If, for example, you have a bad servant, is there any virtue in being patient with her? Not the least in the world. The real virtue consists in making a good servant out of a bad one, and I am not sure that there is not more credit in giving her the sack than in being patient with her. If you are patient with her, she is sure to get worse and worse; if you are impatient, she may get better or she may give notice. If you give her the sack, the shock will incite her to do better in her next situation.

Somebody should take these copybook maxims in hand and put them right. They have an enormous influence on the minds of the young, and the people who write them so beautifully (who does write them, by the way?) have a huge responsibility.

The Moss-Grown Stone. Take that very matter of the rolling stone. When I was a small boy, a friend of my father's had an exemplary son. This son was constantly being held up to us as a model of all the virtues. He was as nearly perfect, I suppose, as it is given to mortal man to be. He wore square-toed boots, I remember, the moral being that square-toed boots do not spoil the shape of the foot. I used to wonder what was the good of having a perfectly shaped foot if it looked so hideous coming up the street. But, when I put the question, in a shrill treble, to our immaculate friend, I was cuffed over the head and sent out of the room.

This perfect young man held a position of no particular importance in a bank. He had held it since the age of sixteen, and he had a steady increase of salary at the rate of about two pounds a year. When he came to see us in the square-toed boots, he used to tell us that he proposed to remain in the bank until he was sixty-five, and at that age he would retire with a pension of some thirty shillings a week. He looked forward, very patiently, to the receipt of this pension. He utterly refused to roll at all. Moss was growing over him and all round him at a splendid rate. You could almost see it growing. He was the mossiest young man anywhere in the neighbourhood. Nobody could touch him for moss. He was unmarried, of course, but he looked forward, patiently, to the day when he would be able to afford a wife—at the age, say, of fifty.

The Stone Rolls. I used to long to be as good as that young man. I longed to be embedded in some such niche and let the moss grow over me. I even forced myself to admire the square-toed boots. Whenever this young man gave anybody a present—when he was in love, for instance—it was always a prayer-book. It was always the same-sized prayer-book, in the same binding, and he bought it for the same price at the same shop from the same assistant—another good moss-gatherer. He used to show us how nicely it opened, and how you could make it stay open anywhere without breaking the back.

One day, his father called at our house with a haggard face. We plied him with tea and cake, and then he managed to falter out the news. *Archibald had left the bank!* It was quite true—he had left the bank. After fourteen years' steady service, and just when the firm was beginning to let him peep into the strong-room before it was locked up for the night, the mad fellow had thrown up his job. More than that, he had left home—and without the square-toed boots. Where do you suppose he had gone? To America, of all places in the world! And why? (This was the most shocking part of the whole affair.) He had gone because he was *tired of the bank!* Nobody had been unkind to him; nobody had pushed him down the steps or shut his fingers in a drawer. He had just made up his mind that he was tired of the bank and had gone off to America. I shall never forget the pathetic picture of his aged father, with the tears running all down his cheeks, over his beard, and on to the sultana cake.

Moss!

I think we were all, secretly, a little relieved. This sudden downfall on the part of our idol gave us a glimpse of the sky which we had never hoped to obtain. I know that I felt much finer and nobler. I made very round eyes as I listened to the story, and endeavoured to call attention to myself as a person who had not rolled. I swore to myself that I would step into the shoes of the idol. I might even get into a bank and remain there until I was sixty-five and entitled to a pension! Oh, there is a good deal of unholy joy in the fold when the pet lamb goes astray, believe me.

A year or two went by, and then came another shock. Archibald sent his father a present of a pair of boots—not old boots, mind you, but new boots; not square-toed boots, but boots of a fashionable cut. Here was a proof that, so far from going barefoot, as we all imagined, he had more boots than he could wear! From that time, the shocks came thick and fast. He sent other presents—not prayer-books. Last of all, he sent money! That broke the old man up. I think he felt that, if a rolling stone could gather moss, the world had gone stark, staring mad. At the least, all his landmarks were removed. He never again mentioned the name of the rolling Archibald.

The Right Kind of Dog.

Another proverb that should be carefully explained to children is, "Barking dogs seldom bite." Many children still believe, as we did, that this is a nasty hit at the barking dog. They think it means that the dog who barks is a poor, boastful sort of dog, whereas the dog who says nothing, but just lays hold of your leg without warning, is the right kind of dog. Nothing, of course, could be sillier. The barking dog is the right kind of dog, and the biting dog should be shot at sight. Dogs are intended to bark; that is their business. The influence of a dog should be a moral influence. His bark frightens away the undesirable visitor. But the other fellow, who merely waits for an opportunity of biting, is useless nine times out of ten. He may be chained up, or he may be shut in a room where he cannot get at the undesirable visitor. Besides, just keep a biting dog and see what he costs you in the way of heavy fines.

You might just as well say, "A large policeman never knocks a man down." That would be a very wicked reflection on large policemen, who are selected, not to knock us down, but to warn us that we shall be knocked down if we break the laws. If large policemen were always knocking us down, we should get so used to it that a mere knocking down would have no deterrent effect whatever.

I shall await, with some impatience, the "Up-to-Date Copybook."

'MID SNOW AND ICE: SOCIETY AT WINTER SPORTS.'



1. THE HON. MR. PERY.

2. SIR MARTIN CONWAY, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER OF THE HIMALAYAS AND ELSEWHERE, ABOUT TO START ON A SKI-RUNNING EXPEDITION WITH LADY CONWAY.

3. THE HON. MARGERY SUGDEN, SISTER OF LORD ST. LEONARDS-

Sir William Martin Conway was first Professor of Art in University College, Liverpool, and has travelled much in Europe and the East. In 1892, he explored the Himalayas, surveying 2000 square miles of mountain country and reaching a height of some 23,000 feet. Amongst his other notable feats are a journey across the whole range of the Alps, and another across Spitzbergen. In 1884, he married Katrina, daughter

4 and 5. TANGOING ON THE ICE: MR AND MRS. J. H. JOHNSON, THE WELL-KNOWN SKATERS, AT ST. MORITZ.

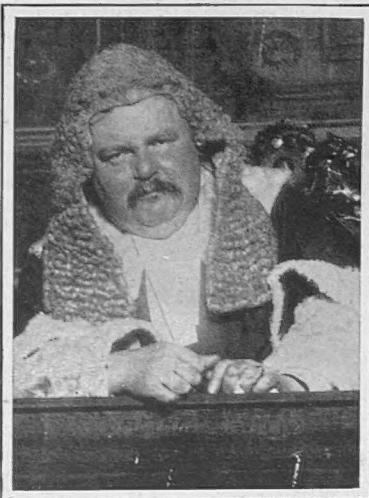
6. THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM CURLING.

7. LADY SCOTT CURLING.

8. COLONEL SIR BUCHANAN SCOTT, K.C.I.E., CURLING.

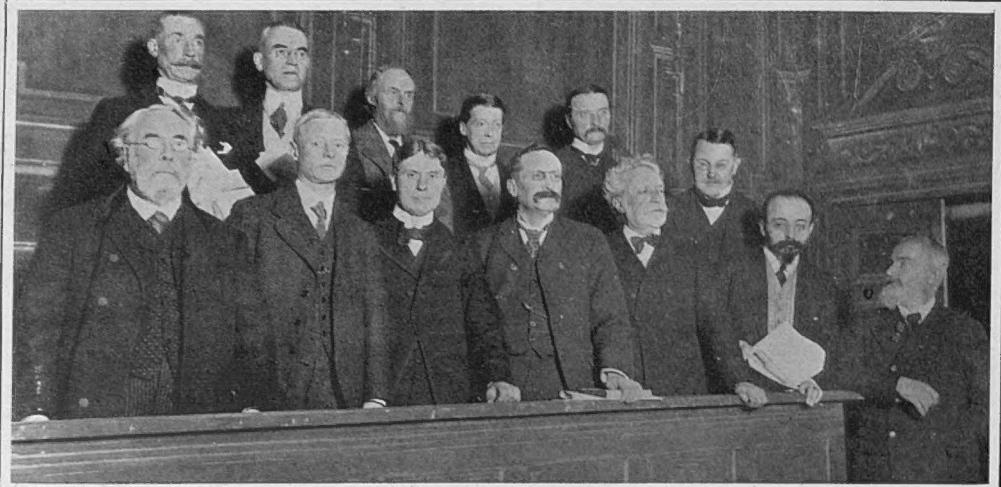
of Charles Lambard, of Augusta, Maine, U.S.A.—The Right Rev. Henry Russell Wakefield has been Bishop of Birmingham since 1911.—Colonel Sir Buchanan Scott has done excellent railway work in India and has been Master of the Bombay Mint and Senior Mint Master in India, Calcutta Mint. In 1888, he married Ethel Theophilus, daughter of the late Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, C.S.I.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. JUSTICE CHESTERTON—FOR BEING
SAFELY RAISED TO THE BENCH.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton was the Judge in the trial of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood—based on Dickens' unfinished novel—at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, on Jan. 7. He summed up wittily and ended by committing all present, except himself, for contempt of court.—In our photograph of the jury in the "Edwin Drood" trial the figures are, from left to right (front row), Sir Edward



THE EMINENT JURY IN THE TRIAL OF JOHN JASPER FOR THE MURDER OF EDWIN DROOD—
FOR NOT BEING INFLUENCED BY EVIDENCE.

Russell, W. W. Jacobs, Pett Ridge, Arthur Morrison, Francesco Berger, Tom Gallon, and Bernard Shaw; (back row) Coulson Kernahan, Ridgwell Cullum, William de Morgan, Justin Huntly McCarthy, William Archer, and Thomas Seccombe. Mr. Shaw, as foreman, said "If the learned gentleman thinks a British jury is going to be influenced by evidence, he little knows his country."

Photographs by Photopress, and Sport and General.



COUNT GLEICHEN—FOR BEING
ENABLED TO THINK THAT MERE
MARQUESES DON'T COUNT.

Count and Countess Gleichen have received permission, by Royal Warrant, to take precedence immediately before Marquesses and Marchionesses of England.—Sir Charles Lowther recently accepted the Mastership of the Pytchley Hunt, in succession to Lord Annaly, subject to a general meeting of the subscribers. He is a keen polo-player, and last year played for England against Ireland. He is a Captain in the 8th Hussars, and served in South Africa.—Mr. R. O. Crawshay,

Photographs by Lafayette, Sport and General, Record Press, and Lallie Charles.



SIR CHARLES LOWTHER—FOR
SUCCEEDING LORD ANNALY IN
THE ANNALS OF THE PYTCHLEY.

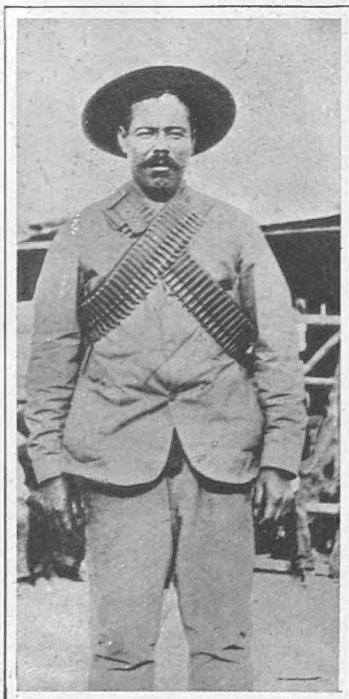


MR. R. O. CRAWSHAY—FOR SEE-
ING BUC DOWN WHILE FLYING
AT BUC UPSIDE - DOWN.



MISS BELLE WILLARD—FOR PRE-
VENTING MR. KERMIT ROOSEVELT
FROM TURNING INTO A HERMIT.

a wealthy young English airman who flies only for amusement, as an amateur, looped the loop eight times the other day at the Blériot aerodrome at Buc, near Paris, and also made two upside-down flights. His preparations for the feat were, it is said, quite impromptu. He has hitherto flown chiefly at Nice and Étampes.—Mr. Roosevelt's second son, Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, recently became engaged to Miss Belle Willard, daughter of the American Ambassador to Spain.



GENERAL VILLA — FOR HIS ALTRUISM
IN CATERING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD
FOR PICTURE - PALACE PATRONS.

It was stated recently that General Villa, the Mexican "Rebel" leader, had contracted with a cinematograph company to take films of the attack on Ojinaga, and that operators would accompany his army in the field.—The race for the Roberts of Kandahar Cup for long-distance ski-ing, open to members of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club, was run at Mürren in a snowstorm. The winner was Mr. Mercer, of Wellington. Our photograph shows, from left to



MESSRS. CHILTON, MERCER, AND MELDAL (OF THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS ALPINE SPORTS CLUB)—FOR NOT BEING DETERRED
BY A STORM IN A SKI-CUP.

Photographs by Topical, and C.N.



SIGNOR MARINETTI—FOR THE SOAP-
HORRIFIC "BUSINESS" OF HIS
IDEAL FUTURIST MUSIC-HALL.

right, Mr. Chilton, of Rugby (third), Mr. Mercer, and Mr. Meldal, of Loretto (second).—Signor Marinetti has revealed the subtleties of Futurist humour in describing his ideal music-hall. "Lady artists," he writes, among other things, "should paint their necks, arms, and ears orange, mauve, and red. . . . Lastly, the stage should be well soaped, so that the players should make the public laugh by sprawling on their faces at critical moments."

ARISTOCRACY AND THE STAGE; AND A SOCIETY WEDDING.



LEARNING TO BE A NUT FOR THE NEXT GAIETY PIECE: MR. RANDLE WILLIAM GASCOYNE-CECIL, SON OF THE REV. LORD WILLIAM CECIL, REHEARSING HIS PART FOR "AFTER THE GIRL."

Mr. Randle William Gascoyne-Cecil, eldest son of the Rev. Lord William Cecil, brother of the Marquess of Salisbury, is going on the stage, and is now busy rehearsing a small part—that of a “nut”—for the next Gaiety piece, the musical play called “After the Girl.” Mr. Gascoyne-Cecil, who is, of course, a grandson of the late Marquess of Salisbury, was educated at Westminster, at Leipzig University, and at Oxford. He was born in 1889. For a time, he was secretary to an ecclesiastical

Photograph of Mr. Gascoyne-Cecil by Illustrations Bureau.



THE MISS DENISE ORME OF OTHER DAYS IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS: LADY CHURSTON AS LA SANS-GÈNE IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIG"—AND CAPTAIN GEOFFREY LEE AS LEFEBVRE.

organisation in the North of England, and more recently he has been free-lancing in journalism.—Lord and Lady Clifford have been giving theatricals at Ugbrooke Park, and in these Lady Churston, formerly so well known and so popular on the stage as Miss Denise Orme, has been playing “La Sans-Gène” in “The Duchess of Dantzig.” The marriage of Miss Jessie Smither (otherwise Miss Denise Orme) and the present Lord Churston took place in 1907.



THE WEDDING OF MISS MARIE ANNE VON FRIEDLANDER-FULD AND THE HON. JOHN FREEMAN-MITFORD: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH IN BERLIN.

The wedding of the Hon. John Freeman-Mitford, fourth son of Lord Redesdale, and Miss Marie Anne von Friedländer-Fuld, only daughter of the German “Coal King,” took place in the Church of Holy Trinity, off the Leipziger Strasse, Berlin, on Tuesday of last week. The bride will be twenty-two in a week’s time. The bridegroom is



THE WEDDING OF MISS MARIE ANNE VON FRIEDLÄNDER-FULD AND THE HON. JOHN FREEMAN-MITFORD: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH IN BERLIN.

five years older. The wedding banquet took place in the Friedländer-Fuld house. It is a condition of the marriage contract that the couple are not to reside entirely in England, and, amongst the other gifts, Herr von Friedländer-Fuld has given his daughter a house in the Thiergarten Quarter of Berlin.

Photographs by Farringdon Photo Co. and Newspaper Illustrations.

DRURY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED.
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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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The Green Enigma. Stewart Caven. 6s.

STANLEY PAUL.

More About Collecting. Sir James Yoxall. 5s. net.

The Passion of Kathleen Duveen. L. T. Meade. 6s.

Because. Maud Yardley. 6s.

A Winter in India. Archibald B. Spens. 6s.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

Pulpit, Platform, and Parliament. C. Silvestre Horne, M.P. 6s.

MURRAY AND EVENDEN.

Friends of the River-Side. R. E. Green. 1s. net.

Rough Hewers. Agnes L. Neild. 6s.

The Weighford Chums. B. E. Evans. 3s. 6d.

The Mother. F. M. de Fabeck. 1s.

The Blessed Woman. E. A. Ballard. 1s.

HOWARD LATIMER.

The Road to the Open. Arthur Schnitzler. 6s.

ELKIN MATHEWS.

Another Book of the Sirens. Rathmell Wilson. 2s. 6d. net.

DRANE.

Joie de Vie. Marie Dawn. 3s. 6d. net.

Poems for Leisure Moments. James R. Penty. 1s.

Virginia's Venetian. Beatrice Duncan. 6s.

ARNOLD.

Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himalaya. H. L. Haughton. 12s. 6d.

CHAPMAN AND HALL.

Reminiscent Gossip of Men and Matters. James Baker. 6s.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Four (from October 8 to December 31, 1914) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published Photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits), beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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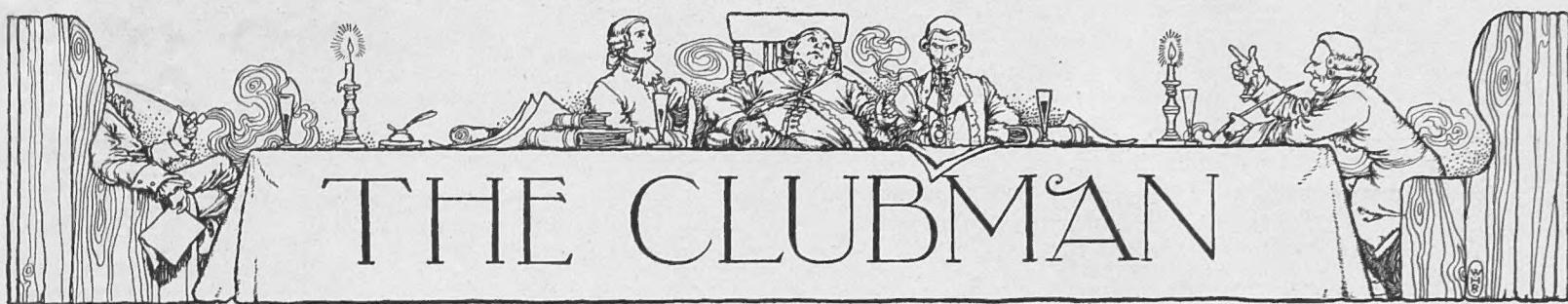
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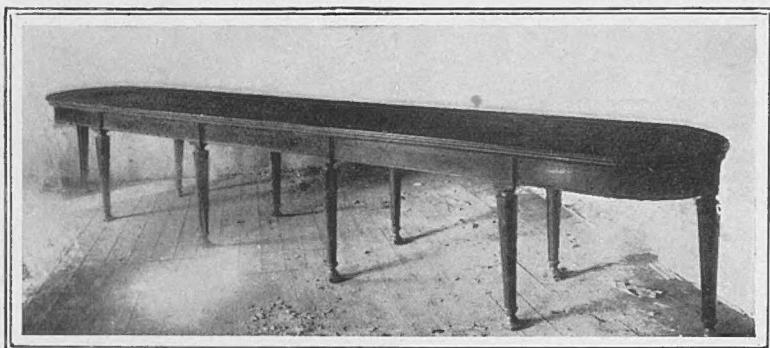
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THE CLUBMAN

LONDON FIRE-ENGINES AND COACHES : COOKERY FOR SCHOOLBOYS : FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

The Horseless Fire-Engine. One of the most picturesque sights in London—the fire-engine, with its grey horses coming at full gallop down a street, with its bell ringing and the firemen shouting—is to be lost to Londoners. Not that fires will not continue, as before, to be a common calamity, but that within three years every fire-engine in London will be propelled by



A PIECE OF FURNITURE WHICH HOME RULE MIGHT RESTORE TO COLLEGE GREEN: THE SPEAKER'S TABLE OF THE OLD IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS. The last Irish Parliament came to an end in 1800, when the Act of Union was passed. The old table used by the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, however, has been preserved, and is at present in the hands of an antique dealer in Dublin. The great Duke of Wellington was a Member of the Irish Commons, representing the pocket borough of Trim, before he entered the Army in 1787.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

a motor, and the fire-engine dashing to answer a "call" will simply be a great automobile going at a quicker pace than the motor-omnibuses and the motor-cars are allowed to adopt.

A Special Sense. One of the most curious matters in connection with the fire-engines in London is that the drivers of all the other kinds of vehicle on a road seem to know by instinct, before the sound of the bell makes itself heard, that a fire-engine is coming, and leave a clear road for it. I have never in a London street seen a galloping fire-engine pulled up, even for a moment, for in the most crowded thoroughfares the rest of the traffic manages to find room to allow the fire-engine to pass at full speed. This special privilege accorded by all drivers to fire-engines is also enjoyed by the stage-coaches.

The Sound of the Horn. At the sound of a coach-horn—which stage-coaches carry, but which are not, as a rule, used by the grooms on a private coach—everything on the road makes way. For a time the drivers of the motor-omnibuses did not quite understand this courtesy, and growled at pulling up or getting to the side of the road so as not to check the course of a coach. But a number of the old omnibus drivers—who had always saluted the coachmen as they passed, for every horse-omnibus driver hoped that he might in time drive four horses—became in their turn the chauffeurs of motor-omnibuses, and brought the courtesy of the driving-box to the chauffeur's seat. Their fellows soon fell into the way, and nowadays the drivers of all the coaches which in the summer run out of London are on the friendliest terms with the chauffeurs.

Explorer Cooks. All the members of Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic Exploration Party are going through a course of cookery instruction in order that, even if there is very little choice in viands when the party are in camp, there shall be at least a change of *chefs*. One of the shortcomings of our British system of education is that we do not teach our boys camp cookery. Every young Englishman, if he follows his bent, finds himself, sooner or later, in a position in which a knowledge of camp cookery would be of the greatest use to him. If he is a soldier, and has the good fortune to go on active service, he very probably, with the aid of his soldier servant, has to cook his own food, which may be nothing better than tinned beef and biscuit; and a sailor has plenty of like experiences. If a young man's inclinations or opportunities send him into a bank or a big house of business, his sporting instincts take him for his holiday to climb Alpine peaks or shoot in Albania or fish in Norway; and the further he gets from civilisation the less likely he is to have his meals well cooked unless he can take saucepan

or frying-pan in hand and do it himself. If I had my way, cookery should be an obligatory subject at all schools, from the humblest Council School up to Eton; there should be marks given for good camp cookery at Sandhurst and Woolwich, and in the examinations for all Civil Service appointments that take men far afield.

A Hundred Years Ago.

It seems scarcely possible in these humane days, when we attract recruits to the Army by means of cinematograph films, and when the master-cook of a regiment gives the recruits a choice of dishes that would satisfy an alderman, that a hundred years ago in England a soldier of the 45th was given a sentence of a thousand lashes for malingering, and that he received five hundred and fifty of them without uttering a groan. Flogging, even on active service, is a horrible punishment to inflict on a soldier, and, because it was so easily carried out, I fancy that courts-martial were tempted in the old days to award it when gentler punishments might have sufficed. The discipline of our soldiers during the last Boer War, when there was no flogging, was better than it was during the Zulu War, when flogging was a recognised punishment. I fancy that a much-repeated remark made by a Staff Officer during the Zulu War—that he always knew when it was Sunday because there was no flogging parade of a certain regiment—did as much as anything else to kill flogging in the Army.

A Flogging Parade. I only once during the course of my service in the Army saw a flogging parade. It was in South Africa, and the occasion was a difficult one. A draft of men from a number of regiments going up



DRAUGHT-PROOF CASES FOR DOGS : MRS. PHILIP HUNLOKE TAKING HER EXHIBITS TO THE PEKINGESE DOG SHOW, PROTECTED AGAINST THE COLD.

Prizes were taken by all three of Mrs. Philip Hunloke's Pekingese exhibited at the winter show of the Peking Palace Dog Association, held last week at the Royal Horticultural Hall. Champion Wingerworth Pi-Chi was first in the class for fawns or grey-brindles (female); Wingerworth Chin-Chin was first in the open class for parti-colours (female); and Wingerworth Chu-Chu was third in the puppy-dog class.

Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.

AT LORD SANDWICH'S: A SOCIETY FANCY-DRESS BALL.



1. MISS MARJORIE BAGOT IN THE ETRUSCAN-FRIEZE COSTUME SHE WORE ALSO AT THE PICTURE BALL.
2. THE EARL OF SANDWICH AS LORD BURLEIGH.
3. MRS. SCOTT-GATTY AS A GEORGIAN LADY.
4. LADY EILEEN KNOX, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY, AS A QUAKER GIRL; AND M. GUSTAVE HAMEL, THE WELL-KNOWN AIRMAN.
5. THE HON. MRS. BAGOT; AND LORD CHESHAM AS A NEAPOLITAN.

6. LADY MARJORIE COCHRANE, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF DUNDONALD, IN EASTERN DRESS; AND MR. DOUGLAS NEWTON AS A GEORGIAN GENTLEMAN.
7. THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA AS A FUTURIST; AND LORD JOHN CAVENDISH AS BLUCHER.
8. DON PEDRO DE ZULUETA IN RUSSIAN DRESS.
9. MISS MAY; AND SIR GEORGE ASKWITH, THE WELL-KNOWN ARBITRATOR IN TRADE DISPUTES.

The Earl of Sandwich gave a fancy-dress ball in honour of Miss Marjorie Bagot, only daughter of the Hon. Walter Bagot, brother of Lord Bagot, at Hinchingbrooke, Huntingdon, the other day. A large number of distinguished people were present.—[Photographs by C.N.]

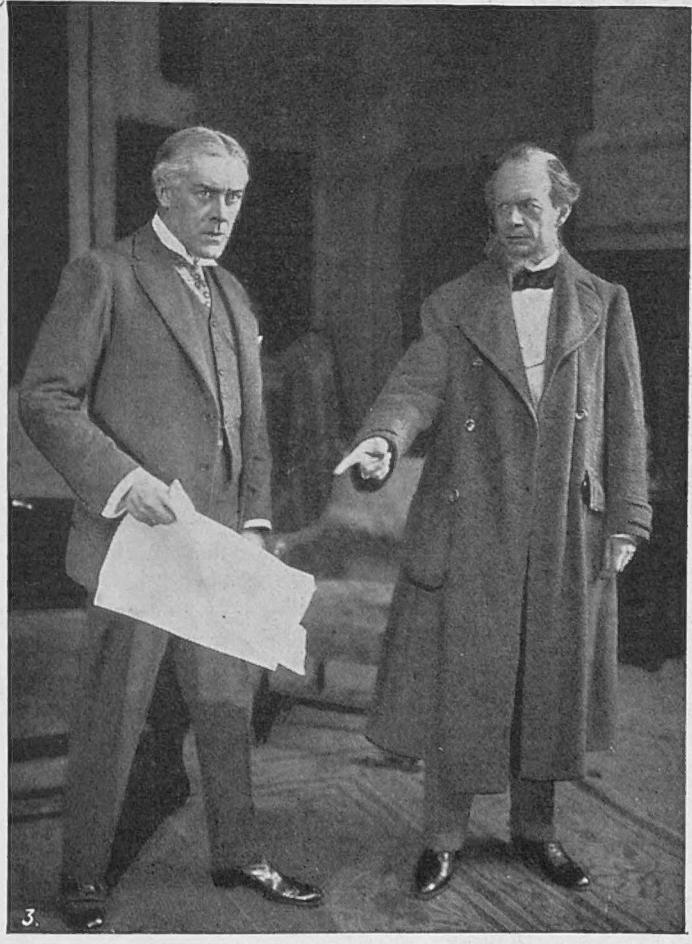
VINDICATION AND ONSLAUGHT: BERNSTEIN'S "THE ATTACK."



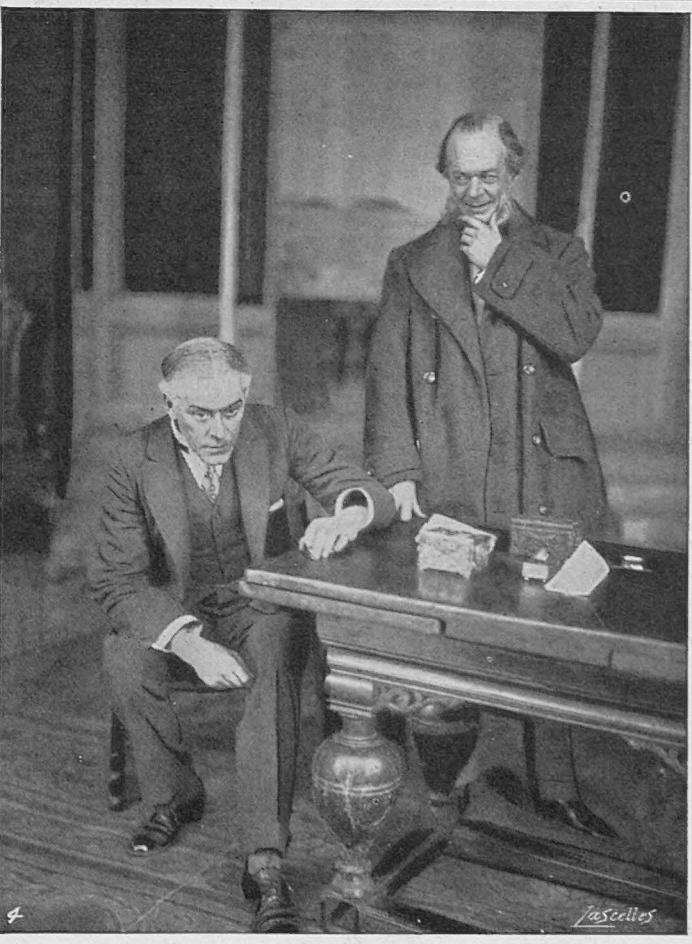
1.



2.



3.



4.

1 and 2. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS ALEXANDRE MÉRITAL, AND MISS MARTHA HEDMAN AS RENÉE DE ROULD, TO WHOM THE ATTACKED POLITICIAN MAKES HIS CONFESSION.

As Mr. J. T. Grein pointed out the other day, one of the interests of "The Attack" is that the play was a vindication and an onslaught. "In 1911 he [Bernstein] had been the victim of cabal. He was an all too successful 'Jew'; there stood to his debit a youthful indiscretion—he had left his regiment before his time; in France that is an act beyond pardon. A newspaper organisation unearthed this forgotten incident and raised a storm. For a while Bernstein was the most abused man in

3 and 4. THE ATTACK ON MÉRITAL BY THE NEWSPAPER-PROPRIETOR, FRÉPEAU: SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS ALEXANDRE MÉRITAL AND MR. HOLMAN CLARK AS ANTONIN FRÉPEAU.

Paris. . . . Bernstein waited. . . . When the incident was closed and revulsion of feeling in his favour had set in he made for self-defence and retaliation. When "L'Assaut" came before the public at the Gymnase, its success was immediate and profound. . . . No one said in plain words what was the real meaning of the work. . . . It was an eye for an eye and a clear demonstration of the mote and the beam." The English version, "The Attack," is running at the St. James's.

**SUPPER CLUBS ANCIENT AND MODERN: A NIGHT WITH THE "FOUR HUNDRED."****The Ancient Supper-Club.**

"Come and have a bit of supper, old man, and watch the pretty girls dance," said my friend. It was past midnight, and we were at the top of Bond Street, so I naturally turned round and said "Rats!" though I believe the expression is now a little out-of-date. To this he replied earnestly, "I am not rotting, and I feel a bit peckish." Now I don't take supper as a rule, although I consume a great deal of the midnight Osram: indeed, these brilliant articles are generally written at about the time when the impudent cock begins to crow, on a few biscuits and weak whisky-and-soda—or sometimes, as a wild debauch, on a little bread-and-milk—hence that fine note of ascetic spirituality which marks them. I felt puzzled, and asked where on earth he could get supper, misquoting Hood and saying, "Oh! It is pitiful, Near a whole cityful, Supper there is none." You could have knocked me down with a "three man beetle" when he said that he was taking me to a supper-club where people eat and drink and smoke and dance until the hour when the fraudulent milkman makes his morning round. The term "supper-club" caused a host of memories to come dancing through my mind—memories of my salad days, when there was a boom in supper-clubs, and particularly of one in Percy Street which I visited more than once. A big porter, a passage, a long room thrown into one, a bar in the middle where drinks were sold at millionaire prices, supper-tables at one end, and a dancing space at the other, with a piano. Merry evenings I have spent there, and many a man I have seen who since has become more or less famous—and, perhaps, would not be exactly grateful if I were to mention the fact that I have watched him waltzing with the lady members. Where are those lady members now? I hardly like to think. Amiable, merry creatures, some of them, with a chronic thirst too, and not a bit more "respectable" than the men dancing with them. There were other establishments of the kind—one I seem to remember in Leicester Square; and another, famous for a while, run by old John Hollingshead, long time "guardian of the sacred lamp of Gaiety burlesque"; and a boisterous establishment in Oxford Street, and another in Maiden Lane. The boom burst, and the clubs melted away. The merry memories remain—*Eheu Posthume*—but I really don't regret those days a little bit: I'm happier now.

The Modern Supper Club.

Whilst I was thinking in silence we suddenly arrived at the bottom of Old Bond Street, and my friend steered me past a giant in uniform into a lofty lighted vestibule and announced that I was in the "Four Hundred Club." The gentle reader has heard of the "Eighty Club" and the "Nineteen Hundred Club," but they are not a bit like the one in

discussion, nor, I believe, has it anything to do with the "Four Hundred Club" of New York. A nobleman at a desk scrutinised the pair of us closely and let us by. "They're awfully careful here," said my guide; "none of your 'door-mat member' business." Of course, you know what a "door-mat member" is: the stranger who sends for the secretary, is proposed by the hall-porter, seconded by the cloak-room keeper, and elected on the spot after payment of entrance-fee and subscription. Oh dear, no; there is nothing of this sort in the modern supper-club. You must have a real introduction and a real election, if you want to pay for your drink yourself (I know some men who don't)—in fact, there is almost as much form and ceremony as connected with the Frenchman's effort to get married. For the keynote to "The Four Hundred Club" is frivolous respectability. We entered a very long, wide, lofty room with a gallery round, once employed for the exhibition of pictures. On a dais at the sides were supper-tables, and others in the gallery, and a group of them at the east end; at the west an orchestra—at least, I prefer to call it a band, an expensive, skilful, boisterous band. I don't care about music with my food, but have had to train myself to masticate in time to ordinary rhythms; but rag-time beat me—indeed, syncopated mastication has sometimes almost led to syncope. A lot of pretty girls and women were dancing a two-step with faultlessly dressed specimens of the nut genus—and dancing very well too—whilst lots of people were supping. And there you are—that's your modern supper-club.

ABOUT 5 A.M.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Revelry by Night. It was quite amusing to watch the people and try to place them; some I recognised, well-known men about town, actresses of standing, and ladies that I have seen in unimpeachable drawing-rooms. The courteous secretary told me that among the members are representatives of every branch of the aristocracy, and some celebrities as well. People came and people went, and in the intervals between the dances, rag-time songs were sung, and some of the audience joined in the chorus. We had a general air of being quite desperate sad dogs restrained by an iron hand, or Mohawks with the fear of Mrs. Grundy. We revelled and smoked, and drank and danced till the powder ran out of our shoes, and some of us from time to time could be seen putting some on our noses in order that our shoes might not run short. I did not dance in the flesh, but, like the Oriental of the story, thought it more entertaining to let the other poor devils do it for me. And so home to bed at about the hour when the farm-labourer begins his ill-paid task, wondering on the way how on earth the hostesses of Mayfair who wish to give dances can contend with this severe form of competition.

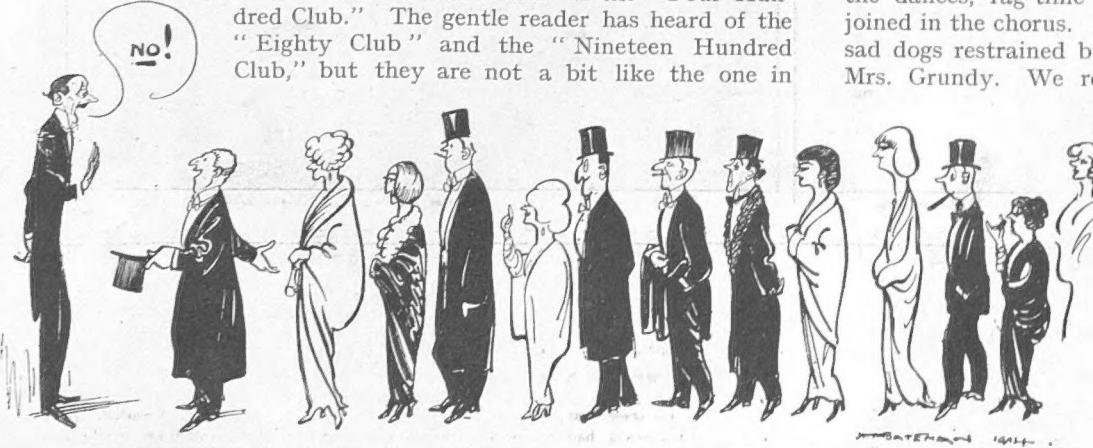
E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



WE INSPECT THE CELLAR, WHERE, BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY, WE SAMPLE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

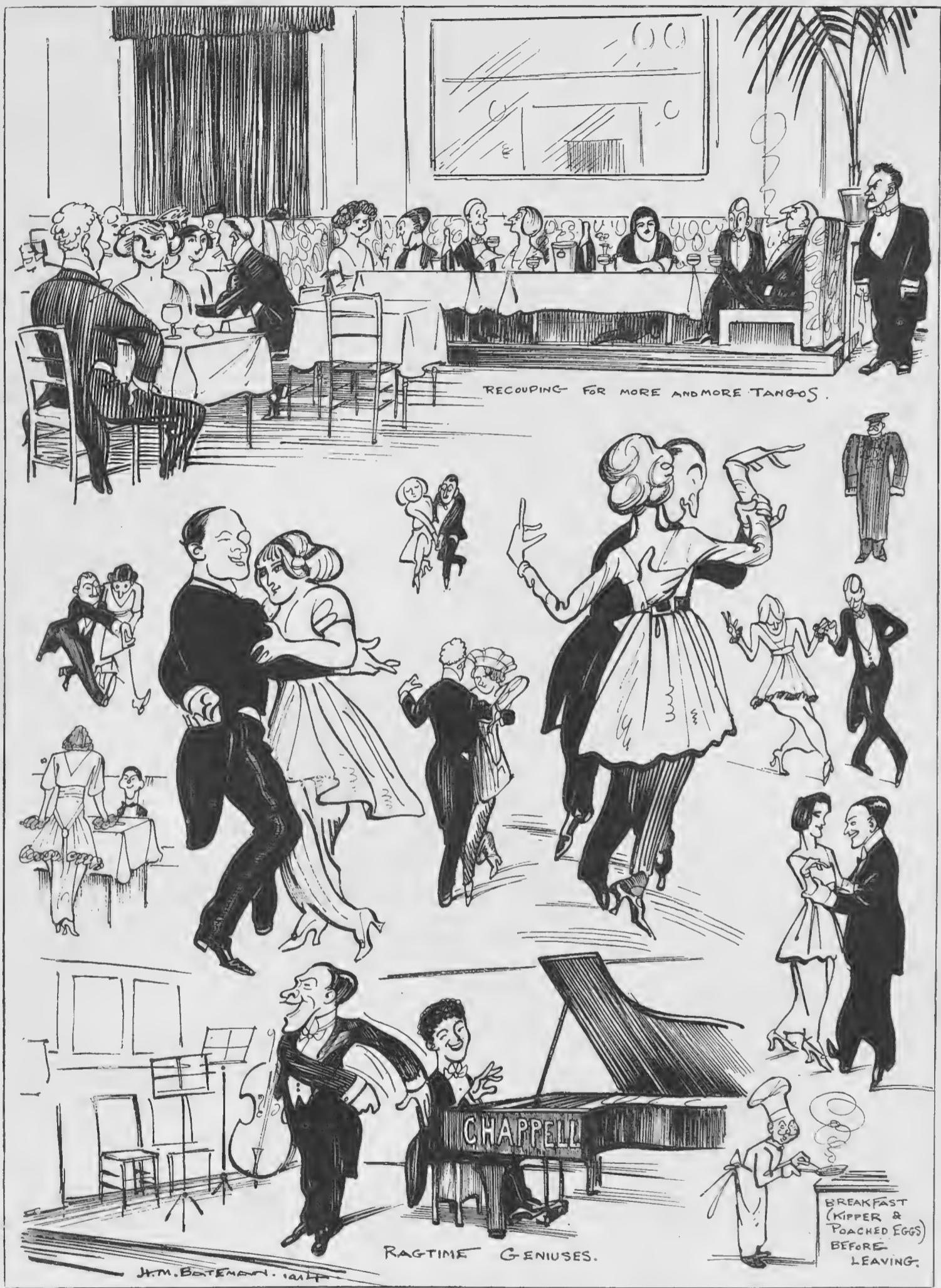
courteous secretary told me that among the members are representatives of every branch of the aristocracy, and some celebrities as well. People came and people went, and in the intervals between the dances, rag-time songs were sung, and some of the audience joined in the chorus. We had a general air of being quite desperate sad dogs restrained by an iron hand, or Mohawks with the fear of Mrs. Grundy. We revelled and smoked, and drank and danced till the powder ran out of our shoes, and some of us from time to time could be seen putting some on our noses in order that our shoes might not run short. I did not dance in the flesh, but, like the Oriental of the story, thought it more entertaining to let the other poor devils do it for me. And so home to bed at about the hour when the farm-labourer begins his ill-paid task, wondering on the way how on earth the hostesses of Mayfair who wish to give dances can contend with this severe form of competition.



WORRIES OF A SECRETARY: MEMBER—"MAY I BRING IN 999 GUESTS, PLEASE?"

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: WITH THE FOUR HUNDRED.



BROUGHT INTO BEING BY LONDON'S DESIRE FOR LATER HOURS: THE FOUR HUNDRED CLUB—SOME CARICATURES.

The fact that most of the theatres begin their plays later, and consequently finish them later, than they used to do makes it difficult to have supper at reasonable length after the play, as the authorities ring the curfew which closes restaurants and hotels so early. Thus have been brought into being several supper clubs. Three

of them, at least, are already well known; particularly, perhaps, the Four Hundred, which is here caricatured. London hotel and restaurant keepers, recognising this new movement, are petitioning—the majority will say, very properly—for an extension of hours, that they may get a fair share of the supper business.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S retirement has been the occasion of speeches from Tom, Dick, Harry, and Mr. "Freddie" Smith. It has been a boon to all editors and eloquent talkers; but Mr. Chamberlain himself has been singularly silent. The retirement he insists on seeking is against the genius of the man; but while other people cover up the fact in a multitude of words, Mr. Chamberlain somewhat grimly spares them. To pretend that Mr. Chamberlain is happy in retirement is like pretending that the polar bear prefers his cemented bath in St. John's Wood to the Arctic Sea.

"Click." It has been part of Mr. Chamberlain's genius to be impatient at both ends of his career. In his youth, as a Bright boy, he could not bide his time. He cut short the customary years of probation, and became Mayor of Birmingham—the youngest Mayor on record. His history is brisk from end to end. For years the orchid in his button-hole was the symbol of a daily renewal of alertness, of fresh exuberance. His speeches were nearly always crisp; it was that quality that brought them to Sir William Harcourt's mind during a hot holiday in Venice. Sir William described his encounters with the insect pests of Italy, and the manner of execution; "I take them," he said, "between my finger and thumb, and they go click, just like the effect of a Chamberlain speech in the House."

The Eye-Glass. "He wears his eye-glass like a gentleman." That was Disraeli's unimpassioned comment on Mr. Chamberlain's first speech in the Commons. The young man with the eye-glass came, with denunciation of Disraeli on his lips, from a city that had not the knack of carrying its eye-glasses very successfully. The golden, or gold-tipped, youth of Birmingham was being scolded at about that time for affecting the fashions of wealth and rank. "You ape the sins of Dives while you are strangers to his refinement." Newman's strictures give point to Disraeli's saying: "He wears his eye-glass like a gentleman."

The Topper. Mr. Chamberlain was famous, in a day of Governmental golf, for never taking exercise. "Neat, trim, modern and banker's-clerkish" (according to Sir Edward Russell), he seldom relapsed into homespuns. Before he was forty he had retired from the supreme control of a great ironware business, but never got out of the habit of a business kit. Even Highbury knows the look of his Top-hat, for while that form of head-gear grows more and more discredited in Pall Mall, it flourishes among the elms of Moor Green. Many a time has Mr. Chamberlain resisted the invitation of the road, the course, and the field. "What exercise do you take?" a doctor asked him some years ago. "None," answered the impatient; "but, then, you see, I smoke so many cigars, instead." How few men

have the heart to be irrational in the chilling company of assembled specialists!

A Pernicious Influence.

Mr. Chamberlain, lauded to-day by two Houses and two Parties, has more relish for criticism than for approval. An invalid must swallow the mess that is offered. "They never dared say such kind things before," is the Highbury comment on half the compliments that go there. But Mr. Chamberlain can comfort himself with his scrap-books. They hold quantities of round abuse; he cannot deny that he has had his share. Lady Randolph Churchill's Memoirs carry one back to the time when it was treason to Conservatism to have Mr. Chamberlain to dinner. "A Socialist, or not far from one! A man reputed to have refused to drink the Queen's health in public! Have him to dinner—why, his influence is pernicious!" protested the late Duke of Marlborough when Randolph and his lady entertained the newcomer.



MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Photograph by Whitlock.

The Clubman. Even on the page of an admirer, the true Chamberlain must present a threatening rather than an amiable figure. The gentle lady who writes a whole chapter on his sense of humour, his studentship of French literature, and the consequent delicacy of his own style, gives, probably, a true enough picture, but of a man who is never quite himself at the tea-table. Mr. Chamberlain accepts none of the conventional pleasures. At no period has he been a convinced clubman: the Athenaeum and the Devonshire served most of his needs, but these were always of the scantiest. A clubman in a hurry is, according to arm-chair philosophy, hardly a clubman at all.



MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, son of the late Joseph Chamberlain, of Moor Green Hall, was born in 1836. For many years he was in business as a manufacturer. He has been President of the Board of Trade, President of the Local Government Board, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and thrice Lord Mayor of Birmingham—to say nothing of his innumerable other activities. In 1874, he contested Sheffield unsuccessfully; he was M.P. for Birmingham in 1876-1885; and since then has sat for the W. Division of Birmingham, a position from which he is retiring at the next General Election. In 1888, Mr. Chamberlain married, as his third wife, Mary, daughter of the late Hon. W. C. Endicott, formerly Secretary for War, U.S.A., of Salem, Massachusetts.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

Mrs. "Joe." In 1888 Mr. Chamberlain married Miss Endicott, the daughter of a man held in high esteem in his own State and at Washington. Mrs. Chamberlain has relinquished her hold on America more completely than is required of most American wives of English husbands, but she has gained, in exchange, a rare hold upon the affections of her adopted country. Even in Mr. Sargent's portrait she is half-English. The airs of Highbury have so mingled with those of Mass. that the casual observer would judge that Mr. Chamberlain had gone to his constituency for something better than votes. Mrs. Chamberlain has shown a genius for adoption. On a husband who has ridiculed the question of Women's Rights she has never forced the opinions that are held by most Americans; but her vivid manner and ready wit suggest that she might be a conqueror even on that point if she were not content to keep the peace—even as her mother, Mrs. Endicott, keeps it for all time in the most placid of all Mr. Sargent's portraits. Her father was a man of war, if a Secretary for War is such.

THE RIVIERA LAWN - TENNIS SEASON OPENS: SOME PLAYERS.



1. MR. N. A. PEARSON; MR. G. M. SIMOND; Mlle. S. Lenglen, WHO IS ONLY FOURTEEN; AND LADY HELEN VINCENT.

2. MR. F. G. LOWE, WINNER OF THE GENTLEMEN'S OPEN SINGLES; MR. A. F. WILDING; MR. G. M. SIMOND; AND MR. CRAIG BIDDLE, OF AMERICA.

3. MRS. CRAIG BIDDLE; AND LADY HELEN VINCENT.

Our photographs were taken at the New Year's Tournament, upon the Beau Site Courts, at Cannes, which marks the opening of the Riviera lawn - tennis season. In the final round of the Ladies' Open Singles, Mlle. S. Lenglen beat Miss Ward (6-0, 6-0). In the final round of the Gentlemen's Open Singles, Mr. F. G. Lowe beat Mr. A. C. Hunter (10-8, 6-2, 9-7). Lady Helen Vincent is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Feversham, and wife of Sir Edgar Vincent.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

YOUNG Hugh Lane has been so kind as to clean most dexterously my Titian picture, 'The Death of Actaeon,'" wrote Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower fifteen years ago. That was Sir Hugh's way of learning about Titians. Before he was in the habit of buying them, he used to clean them. The intimacy sometimes bred contempt; the sort of cleaning that revealed the portrait of a very British lawyer of the Georgian era under a seventeenth-century Doge taught him the ways of caution, but taught him, too, the appreciation of the real thing when he found it. He keeps on finding it. The Titian that went to Cincinnati the other day for about £70,000 was his; but to a great adventurer among pictures, the going of one canvas means the coming of another, or of more than another. It is only a fortnight since the news of the sale of the matchless "Philip II." filled the hoardings. Since then something more important than the hoardings has been filled—the vacant place of the departed masterpiece!

Plain Dealers, or Fair. Lady Desborough is not the only fair dealer in Old Masters. A couple of cables, and a matchless Titian passed the other day into the hands of a lady of Cincinnati! The couple of cables, let it be said, were not written by Sir Hugh Lane, who looked on half-reluctant and half-amused while a mutual friend negotiated the transfer of the famous portrait. England, he explained, lost the picture because England took no steps to get possession of it; but he neglected to point out that the mutual friend who did take the step was, like the person who finally took possession, a woman. The Trustees of the National Gallery, who lost Lady Desborough's Raphael a month ago and have since lost



TO MARRY MR. J. GIFFARD, R.H.A., TO-DAY (JAN. 14):
MISS MARGARET BRUCE LONG.

Miss Long is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Long, of Rowden Hill House, Chippenham.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

Names apart, Mr. Henry Dickens has kept his father's memory well before his children in various ways—one of which is his reading aloud of "The Christmas Carol" in the family circle



TO MARRY MISS MARY E. THOMSON-GLOVER TO-DAY (JAN. 14): CAPTAIN GEORGE EARDLEY TODD, R.F.C.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GEORGE EARDLEY TODD, R.F.C., TO-DAY (JAN. 14): MISS MARY E. THOMSON-GLOVER.

Captain Todd, of the 2nd Battalion the Welsh Regiment and the Royal Flying Corps, is the son of the late Mr. George Nicholas Todd. Miss Thomson-Glover is the daughter of the late Mr. David Thomson-Glover, and of Mrs. Thomson-Glover, of 2, Portland Terrace, Richmond, Surrey.—Miss Baillie-Grohman is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A.

Photographs by Langier, Swaine, Lallie Charles, and Mayall.

Sir Hugh Lane's "Philip II." are all men. The moral, if England wants to keep her art-treasures, is obvious.

A Dickens Engagement. The engagement of Mr. Philip Charles Dickens and Miss Sybil Cunliffe-Owen associates together two families of grandfatherly fame. Sir

Philip Cunliffe-Owen was a man of might, with King Edward when Prince of Wales, to support him at South Kensington. This adept in the organisation of exhibitions when nobody else was such wore always Three Feathers in his cap, and very well they became him. The bridegroom-to-be gets his "Philip," so to say, from the London Oratory, which is served by Fathers who take their rule from the Roman St. Philip Neri. Where he gets his "Charles" from we all of us know: it is his second name, as it is that also of his brothers, Henry Charles (an LL.B.) and Gerald Charles, who is in the Navy. Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., has chosen this method, among many others, of keeping his father's name alive; and in the potential boys of a fourth generation the habit will be duly maintained.

Other Dickens Memories.

That Charles Dickens would

have appreciated

the compliment is very clear from his own choice of names for his children. Henry Fielding Dickens tells its own story. Walter Dickens commemorated Walter Savage Landor; and both Bulwer Lytton and Tennyson lent their nomenclature to the children of the novelist who admired them. In his pet names for his offspring Dickens was more ingenious—"the Ocean Spectre" he called one of them. Mr. Henry Dickens, K.C., married a French lady, and that is why Charles Dickens has grand-children of the Roman Catholic religion, about which the novelist himself had once a very strange dream—a real sleeping dream—that it was the best one.

Names apart, Mr. Henry Dickens has kept his father's memory well before his children in various ways—one of which is his reading aloud of "The Christmas Carol" in the family circle



TO MARRY MR. ACLAND DOUGLAS THOMPSON ON JAN. 17: MISS OLGA FLORENCE BAILLIE-GROHMAN.



TO MARRY MISS MARGARET BRUCE LONG TO-DAY (JAN. 14): MR. I. GIFFARD, R.H.A.

Baillie-Grohman, of Schloss Matzen, Tyrol, and Artillery Mansions, Westminster. Mr. Thompson, late of the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, is the only son of Colonel and Mrs. Thompson.—Mr. Giffard, who is to marry Miss Margaret Bruce Long to-day, is a twin son of Mr. H. R. Giffard, of Lockeridge House, Marlborough.

every Christmas evening. One lady who (contrary to a common impression) still lives to be deeply interested in the forthcoming marriage of her great-nephew is Miss Georgiana Hogarth, who was the sister-in-law of the novelist, and became a second mother to his children. Dickens had ten children, and Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens is his sixth son.

WOMAN CAN PUT HER HANDS IN HER OWN POCKETS NOW!



EXIT THE VANITY-BAG? POCKETED SKIRTS AND WAISTCOATS FOR WOMEN.

This drawing, by a French artist, of "Les Poches à la Mode" shows some of the latest devices of fashion to remove that old grievance of the sex, the lack of pockets in their dress. If we could only arrange to give them all pockets, perhaps men would not have to put their hands in theirs so often.

DRAWN BY W. TOURAIN.

BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

EVEN the pessimist will allow that this life has its consolations. Dyspepsia, fog, gloom, frost, thaw, exigent creditors, recalcitrant debtors, performing animals, contortionists, unpunctual trains—they all help to make up a tale of woe that seems now and again as if it would never be dispelled. And then a child laughs, and gives one her warm, soft hand, and for a while at least one's sorrow passes away. Other joys there are, exquisite or vigorous, fine or full-blooded, which make one forget. It may be a face, ivory and rose, against a stole of fur; it may be a drawing by Mr. Augustus John, or a bottle of old, unshaken, and unwarmed burgundy; one may find, unexpectedly, Happy Fanny Fields in the arid waste of a music-hall programme; one can take down the very first number of the *Monthly Review* and read the passage of prose with which Mr. Henry Newbolt introduced his venture; or elsewhere in the same library one may come across the "Crotchet Castle" of Thomas Love Peacock or the earlier short stories of Mr. Frank Harris—I suppose we all have our list of things which carry us, if only for a minute, beyond ourselves, out of our drab, preoccupied lives, into an untroubled, placid world where happiness has sway.

To my own private list I now add Mr. Cunningham Graham. Somewhere to-night, whether it be wet or fine, perhaps on Tower Hill, perhaps in Dublin, wherever the discontent of the workers has come to the point of breaking, there you may find this descendant of kings, this Spanish hidalgo, this Scottish gentleman, this man of true letters, exhorting, urging, advising, inspiring the men who surround him with their upturned faces, answering to every mood of his voice, lifted right out of themselves by the genius of a speaker whose very difference from them may be a point of contact, whose whole fibre, whose whole being must be as different from theirs as is chalk from cheese. It is well for capital, it is well for the established order of things, that there is only one Cunningham Graham. Multiplied a few scores of times, what he has to say now would impose itself, for good or ill, on all of us. Surely no Peter the Hermit could more effectually carry his audiences with him. I speak, let me hasten to add, not as one converted to the doctrines which Mr. Cunningham Graham preaches. I am not even sure of my own political views: they vary, it sometimes seems to me, according to the paper I am reading: the *Times* makes me reasonably, the *Morning Post* violently, Tory; when I am tearing through the excited pages of the *New Witness*, I am all against the paternal, capitalistic Asquith government;

but if I turn to the *Nation* I become pleasantly pro-Lloyd Georgian, convinced that everything that is happening is for the best. . . . Perhaps if I heard Mr. Cunningham Graham regularly I should arrive at some fixity of opinion. But it matters not a whit whether one agrees with him before or whether one continues to agree with him after one has heard him. The great thing is to taste this rare pleasure, to hear the instruments of a man's voice and a man's personality played on with the power of genius.

The last time I heard Mr. Cunningham Graham he spoke only incidentally of the poor and of the struggling. It was at a meeting mostly of women. The evening had passed decorously. Other speakers had done their best—often an excellent best: one had come to feel that nothing exciting was to happen, that, having given our little homage to the guest of the evening, we should all of us depart cheerfully, discreetly, not very much stirred. . . . And then suddenly the Chairman called on Mr. Cunningham Graham, whose name was not on the programme, to return thanks for something or someone. There he stood up like the flash of a sword. A new spirit blew into the hall. He spoke, and his voice—just a little, like his presence, of the theatre, just a little but no whit too much—rang round the walls. I have heard people speak of the effect of this music and of that on their hearts. So Mr. Cunningham Graham affected me; so he seemed to affect all his hearers. And the slyness, the cunning, the subtlety of the little he had to say! A reference to "Jim Larkin" would on any other lips have seemed out of place; on his it seemed delicately apt. For the moment he was trying to achieve something, a thing that others had failed to achieve. He made a personal appeal. He chose his words with a precision that, if one didn't know how well chosen they were, how admirably adapted to the end he had in view, to the audience he was addressing, might have been thought affected. The man's eyes, his arms, his hands, the poise of his head with its noble outline against the hideous decoration of the wall, all combined to build up an invocation, to bind his audience as with a spell. . . .

I do not know how you will find out where this wizard of the spoken word is to be heard. One cannot be sure in which quarter of the heavens one will see the trailing glory of a shooting star. Watch and wait, and when one day



A FORMER CHIEF WHIP AND HIS LADY ON THE RIVIERA: LORD AND LADY WALERAN.

William Hood Walrond, the first Baron of a creation dating from 1905, was born in February 1849, and holds a baronetcy dating from 1876. He has been in the Grenadier Guards, a Junior Lord of the Treasury, Chief Government Whip, Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lady Waleran was Helena Margaret, widow of Wilfred Grant, of Brighton. Her wedding to Lord Waleran, as his second wife, took place last year.—[Photograph by Navello.]



A JUDGE AND HIS LADY ON THE RIVIERA: SIR JOHN AND LADY ASTBURY—AND DAUGHTER.

Sir John, who was born in 1860, was called to the Bar in 1884, took silk in 1895, and became a Judge of the High Court (Chancery Division) last year. In 1888 he married Evelyn, daughter of the late Paul Susman, of Manchester.

Photograph by Navello.

you find the name of Cunningham Graham on some programme of speeches, care not at all what the subject may be, but throw over incontinently all previous engagements and go and hearken.

NOT TO BE PLUCKED.



THE LANDLADY (*to artist lodger*): Have you any idea of the size of your bill, Mr. Hilit? It ought to worry you a bit if you was honest-minded.

MR. HILITE: It does, it does! Why, for three nights in succession I dreamt I was a pelican.

AMERICA IN LONDON : "THE FORTUNE-HUNTER,"
AT THE QUEEN'S.



1. GOLDEN-HEARTED, PUTTY-HEADED, AND A CHARMER OF LADIES : NATHANIEL DUNCAN (MR. HALE HAMILTON).

3. TRANSFORMING THE UNSUCCESSFUL CHEMIST'S SHOP : MR. HALE HAMILTON AND MISS MYRTLE TANNEHILL.

Nathaniel Duncan has a golden heart and a putty head, and is a failure ; but he has a delightful personality, which endears him to Henry Kellogg, amongst others. He sets out ready to listen to any scheme for making money so long as it is "on the straight," and Henry decides that his friend shall leave New York, where the

2. CHEMIST'S DAUGHTER, DRUDGE, AND FINALLY THE BRIDE OF NATHANIEL : BETTY GRAHAM (MISS MYRTLE TANNEHILL).

4. THE FASCINATING HEIRESS : MISS CLARA MACKIN, AS JOSIE LOCKWOOD, AND MR. HALE HAMILTON.

competition is too much for him, retire to a village, be on his best behaviour, and seek the richest girl in the place in marriage. So Nat goes to Radville, gets along famously with the ladies, and offers his services to an old chemist, who, with the aid of his pretty daughter (who has to do all the drudgery) runs a shop very

[Continued opposite.]

THE NEW BROOM'S WORK: "THE FORTUNE-HUNTER,"
AT THE QUEEN'S.



1. IN THE DAYS OF DRUDGERY AND NON-SUCCESS: MR. FORREST ROBINSON AS SAM GRAHAM, THE OLD CHEMIST; MISS MYRTLE TANNEHILL AS HIS DRUDGE-DAUGHTER, BETTY; AND MR. HALE HAMILTON AS NATHANIEL DUNCAN, THE NEW BROOM.

Continued
unsuccessfully. Within six months, Nathaniel has turned the place into a drug-store at which New York would not scoff, and has transformed both father and daughter. Then, against his will, but following his friend's plan, he becomes engaged to the heiress, Josie Lockwood. In the end, of course, the engagement is broken off (by

2. THE FASCINATING LOCAL HEIRESS IN THE CHEMIST'S SHOP, NOW TRANSFORMED INTO A SMART DRUG-STORE AND A RENDEZVOUS FOR THE NEIGHBOURHOOD: MR. HALE HAMILTON AS NATHANIEL DUNCAN AND MISS CLARA MACKIN AS JOSIE LOCKWOOD.

Josie) and Nat is accepted by Betty, the chemist's daughter. Mr. Hale Hamilton has, by the way, answered the question as to how it is so many people frequent the drug-store, by pointing out that in country districts in the United States the drug-store is a blend of the general shop and the village inn, a rendezvous for the district.

Photographs by Wrather and Buys.



THE HUMAN SIDE OF SOUTH-POLE-SEEKING: BY TWO OF SHACKLETON'S MEN.*

The Inside View of Men. There is a particularly human, and so engrossing, touch about Antarctic days as seen by James Murray, biologist of Sir Ernest Shackleton's last expedition, and George Marston, artist to that great adventure, and already chosen for the explorer's coming attempt to cross the South Polar continent from sea to sea. As these "Shackleton's Men" say of us all, "we know the story of the long marches, the blizzard days, and the hungry days. We have lived with the explorers through the long Polar night, the voyage through the ice, the building of the huts, the organisation for the sledging, and, finally, the long march towards the goal of their desire." But we do not know "the little incidents that go to make up the sum of the day's work, the humour and the weariness, the inside view of men on an expedition." Hence this amusing, revealing, and fascinating book—valuable, especially, as showing the spirit of men answering the call of the wild.

Pyjamas at the South Pole. Mr. Murray will tell you: "People imagine that the Polar regions are cold, that their coldness is the chief thing about them, the main disadvantage of living there. It is not so; it is not cold, not so very cold—or, at any rate, it very often needs the thermometer to tell you so. You do not worry about it, so long as you are in camp. . . . It is a dry cold, so that in calm weather you do not notice it. In summer time you can go about clad only in pyjamas (with boots, mitts, and hat, of course). . . . When you go on a sledging journey, and are half-starved and exhausted with hard work, it is different. Then you learn something about cold. . . . I have lived for over a year in the Antarctic, and I know nothing of cold or hunger there—thirst, yes! In short, life in the Antarctic has been described as a picnic, so long as you keep off sledging."

Cold in the Sleeping-Bag. In very striking contrast are some of Mr. Marston's notes of his first impressions of sledging. "Find a way of keeping the sleeping-bag dry, and you could defy any cold—but how to do it? Snow creeps in in minute quantities before you never so careful, and, owing to the fact that three men are sleeping in one bag, with the cover drawn over their heads and closely 'toggled' down, all the moisture from their breathing is condensed and frozen on to the fur; snow and ice accumulate until, in perhaps a fortnight, the bag has doubled its weight. You turn in, and the heat from your bodies thaws the accumulated ice, and drip, drip, drip, it drops on your clothing, soaking you to the skin, setting you shivering and shuddering for the rest of the night." Later, Mr. Marston lost his sleeping-jersey. "At night now," he writes, "I have no extra clothing, and, in spite of the kindness of my tent mates, I get very little sleep:

sometimes I am glad to have Wild put his arms round me, and on one occasion I had to pocket my pride and ask him to do it; but they are kindness itself, and every effort is made to keep me warm. I become middle man permanently, and I nearly suffocated them in turn, chasing them into the corners of the bag to extract a little warmth from them."

A Whisky Problem. Then to a lighter phase: a problem for solution indeed—to some! "The following was aimed at the biologist: 'Supposing you have been a long time absent on an exploring expedition. Stores are beginning to run low. The stock of preservatives is completely exhausted. Just at this juncture you discover a unique animal, of a class by itself, with no live relatives at all, and its only connections of any kind in certain obscure creatures extinct since palæozoic times—an animal of the utmost importance in elucidating the evolution of all existing animals. The only thing on board that could possibly be used as a preservative is a bottle of whisky, just the quantity for an animal of the size. But it is the last bottle of whisky, the last bottle of any drinkable liquid on board, and you can't hope to make a port for six months yet. What would you do?'

'That was a silly problem,' comments the biologist. 'The only thing possible to be done is to keep a very full record of the creature, with drawings, measurements, and a careful dissection to trace out its internal structures. What else could you do?'



IN THE SUITE OF A SULTAN: A PALACE DANCING-GIRL OF JAVA.

(See Pages of Illustrations in Supplement.)



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THOSE IN A PALACE: A DANCING-GIRL OF THE SUITE OF A JAVANESE SULTAN.

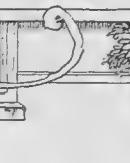
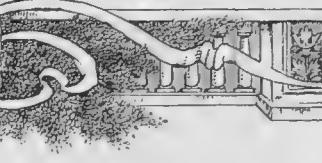
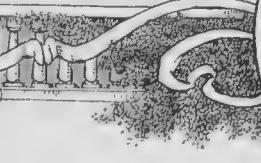
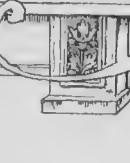
(See Pages of Illustrations in Supplement.)

Shirts; and Trousers Cut Down to Mitts.

There are many other "personal" stories. Here are two as witnesses: "A genius hit upon the plan whereby you can always have a clean shirt, even if you possess only two—always without washing, be it understood. You put on a shirt; in a week or two it becomes dirty; you don the other one, and wear it till it is so much dirtier than the first that the first is clean by comparison, and you revert to it, and so on *ad infinitum*." And trousers: "Finding the trousers issued to the shore party too complicated for everyday wear, or being for some other reason unhappy in them, Mac determined to make himself a pair out of a Jaeger blanket. With the assistance of the harness-maker, the trousers were cut and fastened together. I don't know which of them was responsible for the 'cut' . . . The fuzzy cloth afforded too many alighting places for ice particles, and so the trousers gathered moisture. Finding them unsuitable, Mac cut them down into a pair of mitts."—So to many illuminating stories none should miss, especially those about the mate; ship-painting; the troubles of the scientific staff during the voyage; the word-picture of the scientists which was rejected by the editor of the magazine; times when, as a novice put it, "God doesn't love me, and my skin doesn't fit."

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES



THE SELF-SHUFFLERS—A NEW SECT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

A CORRESPONDENT has sent me the following extract from a newspaper, for me, I suppose, to write some nonsense around it in my page—

“DON’T BUTT IN.”

Official Advice to American Husbands.

This is a sequel to the Wisconsin eugenics law, which will become theoretically effective at the New Year, despite the doctors’ revolt. The following are some of the maxims for husbands—

- Don’t argue.
- Don’t be boss.
- Don’t try to show your importance.
- Don’t forget who you are, and who your wife is.
- Don’t be deceitful.
- Don’t be selfish.
- Don’t be a spendthrift or tightwad.
- Don’t forget that your wife’s mother is the same to your wife as yours is to you.
- Don’t forget church.
- Don’t forget that the man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong.
- Don’t stay at home all the time.
- Don’t let your wife go through your pockets.
- Don’t have an affinity.
- Don’t forget to wipe your boots before entering the house.
- Don’t butt in.
- Don’t let your wife vote.

But, as you can see, there is enough in this list of “don’ts” to make sixteen articles out of—or a book. Books on marriage being

as numerous as those on Napoleon, I won’t attempt it; neither will I bore you for sixteen weeks with a diluted rule of life on each Tuesday. A journalist has got to “move on” or be badly left! Besides, I don’t believe in rules of life. They never fit. No man can derive any benefit from poring over books of advice on how to deal with wives; what he must know is how to deal with his wife, and, unless she is a fool, the lady will see to that. No two wives are alike, and no two husbands; and I often think that it would be for the general good if the mass of married people were at certain intervals—three or four years, say—shuffled like a pack of cards and reassorted. From all times intelligent pairs have re-shuffled

themselves, but their move—lacking the greatest of all sanctions, the approbation of the majority—has had to be made more or less surreptitiously, and that, to fastidious people like the self-shufflers, was irksome and humiliating. What the seekers after conjugal happiness merely need is a new sect—the self-shufflers, or the marriage idealists. In countries like England or America, where new religions and societies are almost daily products, where everything is possible because nothing seems absurd, such a sect would almost of a certainty succeed. If Mrs. A appropriates Mrs. B’s husband, Mrs. B being left to lament lonesomely, it is a mean and unkind thing to do; but if Mrs. B, released and happy from Mr. B, is meanwhile living blissfully with Mrs. C’s husband, whose wife has become Mrs. Z—why, then it’s the custom of the country, that’s all. Publicity and general use render everything proper and right; when it has thus been made so, then a law is passed that makes it legal. We never obey the law; it is the law that obeys us.

One of the “don’ts” that amused me most was that warning cry to American husbands, “Don’t have an affinity!”

I am not quite sure what an affinity means. I have heard the word used with prodigious breadth, length, and elasticity, but let us finger it in its strictest purity. Now, one does not say to oneself, “I am going to have an affinity,” as one says, “I am going to order some port.” Yet both are palliative, derivative, restorative. One meets one’s affinity, one stumbles against her as one knocks against truth in the dark. It is not given to everyone to meet his affinity or know her for such. Some—the wise ones—grab her by the hair and never let go; others turn their back on her and run; others, again, smile and struggle; and others, yet, their affinity has to take by the hand and say, “Don’t be a fool!”

The affinity has this advantage over the real, legal, bodily, everyday wife, that she has to deal with a trained subject—a man who has had time to readjust his notions to normal proportions. A married man (or let us say a widower; I don’t want to shock you) makes a much preferable lover—husband, husband by all means!—to an utter boy. A boy is apt to be angry if your wings are not long enough. A married man is grateful you do not wear curl-papers. An affinity has its uses: it often hovers around the conjugal fireplace like a fairy mother-in-law, keeping out vulgar intrigues, petty discords, sordid housekeeping discussions. A husband with an affinity on his conscience is an improved husband. *Mesdames*, beware! Has your husband shown himself of late more tender, more courteous, more tolerant, and less talkative? Do not be grateful to the New Year and its resolutions, but *cherchez l’affinité!* Or rather, do not seek her—take your share, and let her have hers. In love one can never have more than what is one’s. What is given to one, one can claim from the beloved: “Give me more of your time, give me more of your kisses”; but one cannot beg: “Give me more of your thoughts and of your desires.”

An affinity is dangerous only when it is a haunting absence, an infinitely sweet and tormenting obsession, a latent thirst, a love “all the more noble that it is vain,” as Geoffrey Rudell sings it in the “Princesse Lointaine.” How impossible to fight that ghost of the things that want to be! What a terrible rival that—an ideal that remains an idea! But have no fear—it never does!



A LADY WHO IS NOW TO TAKE PRECEDENCE BEFORE THE MARCHIONESSES OF ENGLAND: COUNTESS GLEICHEN (FORMERLY THE HON. SYLVIA GAY EDWARD).

By Royal Warrant, Albert Edward Wilfred, Count Gleichen, is henceforth to enjoy precedence next to and immediately before Marquesses of England, and Sylvia Gay, his wife, precedence before Marchionesses. Count Gleichen is the son of his late Serene Highness Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Vice-Admiral in the British Navy, by his marriage with Lady Laura Seymour, sister of the fifth Marquess of Hertford, and is, of course, a relative of the King. He was born in 1863; has seen active service in the Sudan and in South Africa; and is in command of the 15th Infantry Brigade in Belfast. Countess Gleichen, whose marriage took place three years ago, was the Hon. Sylvia Gay Edward, Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra, and a grand-daughter of the third Lord Kensington.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM OF LAST AUGUST: THE MAHARAJAH AND MAHARANEE OF COOCH BEHAR.

The wedding of Princess Indira, daughter of the Gaekwar of Baroda, and Prince Jitendra, brother of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, took place in August of last year. Shortly afterwards, Prince Jitendra succeeded his brother as Maharajah of Cooch Behar. He is entitled to a salute of thirteen guns.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



THE HEIRESS WITH THE LONG NOSE.

BY WARD MUIR.

THIS is a love-story, but it may be well to warn the reader that it contains no love-making. Furthermore, its moral is excessively obscure. For Wally Prescot's theories, if deplorable, were at least consistent and honest. If Wally Prescot had ever preached he would certainly have practised what he preached. Whereas young Mordant, who preached incessantly—

But let us begin at the beginning.

Old Wally Prescot, of Whitepool, was a cynic.

There is a brand of cynicism peculiar to Lancashire, and Wally (his name was Walter, but everyone called him Wally)—suffered from an over-supply of this special brand of cynicism. Perhaps that was because he suffered from an over-supply of money. Old Prescot, with his mills and his steam-ships and his collieries, was what is called, in the Press, a "merchant prince." There are many merchant princes at Whitepool: grizzled veterans of commerce who will donate a thousand guineas to a hospital as soon as wink, but will fight like demons—yea, and drag you into court over it—when a few shillings are in question. Cynics all—though rather disarmingly unconscious of their cynicism.

A horde of Whitepool's merchant princes have built hideous but comfortable dwellings for themselves at a resort called The Shore. The Shore is thirty-five miles north from Whitepool, on the coast, and is bounded on either hand by vast and unstable expanses of the sandiest sand-dunes in the world. At The Shore, the sand has been repressed into good behaviour, and a promenade, pier, bandstands, and theatre built upon it, in addition to the homes of the merchant princes afore-mentioned and to the streets of boarding-houses and hotels added thereunto. On the whole, The Shore is a very pleasant spot, and, surveying the Irish Sea, enjoys the spectacle of magnificent sunsets. The Shore is celebrated for its sunsets, and also for the Pullman-car Club Train which conveys the merchant princes to their offices in Whitepool every morning, except Sunday. You hear about the sunsets and the Club Train during your first five-minutes' stay at The Shore.

Wally Prescot had a barrack-like house at The Shore, and—he was a widower—lived there with his two daughters, Jane and Ellen.

Jane was ugly (there is a sort of ominousness about the name Jane), and Ellen was pretty; and Jane had eighty thousand pounds and Ellen had nothing.

A dash of the tragic adds a bitter flavour to many Lancashire comedies; and this one was no exception to the rule. Of course, it was absurd that Jane should be mistress of eighty thousand pounds; but the fact was so. Her father had given her a cheque for that amount on her twentieth birthday—and on Ellen's twentieth birthday, one year later, he had given Ellen a fiver. Old Wally did not conceal his motives. The whole of Whitepool knew (and maybe appreciated) them.

"Jinnie's as plain as sin," said Prescot, "and Ellen's as tidy a piece as you'll see about anywhere. Folks talk to me about dowries and such; and I say, 'Ellen's face is her dowry,' and the chap who gets her has to pay. But the chap who takes Jane with her big nose, he'll be no fool, I reckon, for it's Jane that has the brass as *her* dowry."

Old Wally Prescot further opined that "the chaps" of Whitepool would soon be buzzing round Jane, with her eighty thousand, "like bumble-bees round a jampot"; and that the husband who got her would be just the sort of man to rise in the world.

As for little Ellen, with her slim form and her porcelain cheeks and her large and wondering eyes—"When you buy a picture, you've got to put your hand in your pocket," said Wally.

He was not such an old scoundrel as he sounds—only he moved in a haze of money, and so had lost focus a trifle. The misfortune has happened to many a gentler-born man than Wally Prescot.

Young Mordant—who was, perhaps, not a student of human nature—failed to recognise this, and consequently had a dreadful row with grey-haired Wally. Mordant was an artist who painted the sunsets and the surf ("An idle loon," said Wally); and Mordant lived by himself in a hut, some distance out of The Shore, on the seaboard—a most uncomfortable and lonely existence; but Mordant (who wore sandals and a saffron-coloured cravat, and had never owned an umbrella) seemed to like it. "A pigging life," said Wally Prescot; and there was, as has been said, a dreadful row when Mordant vehemently retorted that it was old Wally, with his barrack and his millions, who was the pig and lived piggishly. Mordant was a Tolstoyan, or something cloudily idealistic of the sort; but old Prescot, who knew nothing about Tolstoy or the Simple Life or Art-for Art's sake, considered Mordant a callow fool, and said so.

Mordant nevertheless continued to visit Prescot's barrack when its master was out; and Jane and Ellen gave him tea and listened to his doctrines.

Jane and Ellen, you see, shrank from the ordinary masculine society of Whitepool, for the sisters were horribly aware of their advertised marriageability and of the terms at which they were offered by their father. Mordant, with his sandals and his saffron cravat, was also aware of these terms; but—well, he never showed it, as the other Whitepool youths were apt to show it. And his fascinating hut in the dunes—it was a magnet to the girls, weary of their oppressive mansion, with its billiard "lounge," its complicated motor-garage, and its enormous and expensive gardens.

But time dragged on, and, somehow, neither of the sisters married. Wally Prescot, who considered that women were made to be married, could not comprehend it. His opinion of the Whitepool young bachelors fell and fell and fell. He had taken it for granted that Jane, the elder, with her money, would marry first, as a matter of course: then he could marry off the pretty little Ellen, and perchance relent a bit concerning the latter's dowry. But Ellen was to be proposed to for herself, and Jane for the eighty thousand pounds. That was settled.

Unfortunately, it was far from settled. Suitors may have appeared; but, if so, old Wally never heard of them.

"Lancashire lads aren't what they once were, that's my opinion," grumbled Wally Prescot. "We'd have jumped at such a catch in my day."

He looked, sometimes, at Jane, with her long nose; and his gaze was reflective.

Jane presently received from him a gift of a magnificent set of diamonds, and was bidden to wear them whenever she went out to a party. And old Prescot made it his business to see that she did wear them.

There was no result, except that Jane sometimes went to her parties in tears.

On her twenty-second birthday Jane received another eighty thousand pounds from her father.

Still no result—except that Mordant rashly waylaid old Prescot in the street, as he hurried to his Pullman train, and accused him of being a materialist. Old Prescot, outwardly furious, was inwardly amused and flattered.

"You're the materialist yourself, lad," he said. "Suppose I'd given the brass to Ellen, eh? Oh, I know what you're after—you with your jabber about the worship of the beautiful. You

[Continued overleaf.]

“THE TWO VOICES” (ACTIVE AND PASSIVE).



DOLLY: I love and I am loved.
MOLLY: Then you must be perfectly happy.
DOLLY: But it isn't the same man!

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.

come dangling after Ellen, but you haven't the grit to work and make a living, so that you could marry and support her."

Mordant shook his fist in Prescot's face—which was not at all a Tolstoyan thing to do.

Prescot went off chuckling.

"It's the materialist who sees through these artist whipper-snappers," said Prescot to himself. "The next we'll hear is that lad Mordant will have changed his mind and decided to take Jane, ugly or no, and her brass with her; and the worship of the beautiful can go hang."

It looked as though Prescot were right, for a day or two later Mordant came to see him. "I want to marry your daughter," announced Mordant, without preliminaries.

"Ellen or Jane?" — Old Wally Prescot could do without preliminaries too.

"Jane."

"Thought so!" said Prescot. "You can't have her."

"Why not?"

"Because you don't deserve her, that's why."

"The first sensible thing you've said."

"Eh? No cheek, Mister! I'll give you a chance, though. If you'll learn a decent trade—I can find you a berth in an office—and stick to it for a year, you shall marry Jane."

"Without her consent?" insinuated Mordant sarcastically.

"She'll consent quick enough." Prescot was becoming angry. "If you go into an office——"

"If I go into an office it will be a surrender of my principles, and Jane won't marry me. Anyhow, I won't go into an office—I shall stay as I am."

"Then shift out of here! You can't marry Jane, and there's an end of it. And see here, my lad, Jane's brass and her diamonds aren't hers at all—they're mine, and I can take them back any minute: I've arranged it so, but she keeps all if she marries the right chap—a chap who works proper and who'll make proper use of the brass——"

But Mordant had gone. And six months passed, and still neither of the sisters got engaged, much less married.

So when Prescot ran across Mordant again, one evening on the Promenade, he stopped him.

"I don't know but what I might change my mind about the brass," said Prescot. "Perhaps, if you'll marry Jane——"

"Get out!" thundered Mordant, and pushed past.

Prescot swore. "By gum, I've missed that chance by not taking it at the first offer!" he muttered. "The young blade is standing out for higher terms. He'll best me in the end, danged if he won't! And I thought him soft!"

Two months later, Prescot let it be known that Jane would have a quarter of a million in her own right. "If that don't fetch 'em, nothing will," he reflected. "And young Mordant'll be one of the first to rise."

But young Mordant did not rise.

Finally Prescot, with lagging steps, brought himself to go and visit Mordant's cabin on the beach.

Mordant was cooking a meal over a fire of sticks. "I know what you've come for, you old scamp!" he said, without ceasing to stir the contents of the pot. "You've come to tell me that the figure's been raised to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and that I needn't go into an office, but if I'll only live in a conventional house on my wife's money, and wear boots instead of sandals, you'll agree to the marriage."

Prescot almost audibly gnashed his teeth. But, "Put it at that," he assented at last.

"Well, I decline the honour," cried Mordant.

"You decline——?"

"Do you think I'm going to soil my ideal of love with your wretched money? It took me an effort even to speak about it, when I came to you before. Dirt! That's what it is. Jane's too good to be your daughter. I can't understand how you managed to have such a daughter. And you think that because you're a ruffian, every other man in the place is a ruffian—you thought they'd all marry Jane like a shot, if you put a big price on her. Despicable!" He paused for breath.

Prescot tried to sneer, but failed.

"Now I'll tell you something that will surprise you," Mordant went on. "Jane and I have been married for more than a year."

"Gosh!" blurted Prescot. "Then what in the name of all that's silly was the fuss about?" He became suspicious. "You were waiting for me to give her more——"

"No!" Mordant shouted, "I wasn't! I was waiting for you to take it all back, as we'd have explained to you if you had listened to us before, and not interrupted with your mercenary suggestions. I've never brought her home here, because I wouldn't—and she wouldn't come, either—until she was cleansed of that beastly load of money and diamonds. But now I've changed my mind. We'll accept the money—and give away every cent of it, if we can find a deserving object. Every cent of it, do you hear? And Jane will live with me in this hut—no; I'll take her away from the loathsome atmosphere of this place—she'll live with me in a tent or a caravan; and we'll forget all about you and your bribes."

Prescot rubbed his hand across his eyes. "They always told me you were mad," he whispered.

"All right. I'm mad. If so, Jane is mad too."

"A quarter of a million to charities——" said Prescot.

"Not one penny to charities, if you prefer," answered Mordant. "You can still take all the money back if you like. Jane won't object, and neither will I."

Prescot was swift. "I agree. I'll take it back."

Mordant flashed a scornful glance. "Don't spoil Ellen's chances by giving it to her," he hinted.

Prescot reddened. "I'll grant you one thing, young fellow," he stammered; "you've got the better girl of the pair."

"I know that."

"Jane takes after her mother," added Prescot, in a lower voice. "Her mother was plain, too. And, God forgive me, I married her for her brass. She was a good woman, was the Missis. But—I'd never have seen that, if she hadn't had brass: it was the brass I was after, not the goodness. I thought it would be the same with some lad and Jane; but it seems the lads to-day don't marry for the brass: they marry for—for what they call love."

Mordant stared. "Of course they do."

"Yet nobody's married Ellen," said Prescot.

"She'll marry quickly enough now."

"How do you mean?"

The two men were growing friendlier.

"Don't you see, you old materialist," grinned Mordant, "Ellen has had to wait till Jane married? Think of the cruelty to Jane—think of the sniggers and secret taunts—if Ellen, with only her prettiness, had married before Jane with her money! You—you spoilt it for both of them. Why, if Ellen had married, people would have said that Jane was so repulsive that, even with her money, no one could swallow her. Brutes! That's the way you and your kind talk of women. And all the time"—his voice grew tender—"Jane's beauty was hidden." He looked at old Prescot, hard. "Jane is beautiful, you know!"

Prescot returned the look. "You're right," he admitted slowly. "And I ought to know, seeing that Jane is the living image of her mother."

"Instead of which, you, with your wilful cynicism——" began Mordant, then halted. He flushed, and held out his hand. "Shake hands, father-in-law," he said. "And before we say good-bye, I'll give you some news. Ellen is already engaged, but she wouldn't allow any announcement to be made until our marriage was published—and that was why we, Jane and I, decided to abandon our principles a trifle and publish it. . . . Let me give you another confession. I hate and detest your cynicism, but I was lying when I pretended to think it wasn't justified. I'm ashamed that I lied. I apologise. You think men mercenary—you are right. Jane, so far from being neglected by the men hereabouts, has had dozens of proposals, though each suitor was too ashamed of himself to blab of it. That she accepted none of them but me—is—only my luck!"

Whether Jane found the Simple Life in a hut quite so nice as she had expected may be open to doubt. It is to be feared that Mordant was at heart a prig, and nearly made a prig of his wife likewise—though he really did love her, nose or no nose. This has nothing to do with the story; but one may as well end happily by recording the fact that when the little Mordants began to arrive their parents' views altered mysteriously, and a series of imposing cheques from old Prescot was received without any animadversions on the sordidness of filthy lucre.

The hut, somehow, had lost its thrilling snugness, and—well, old Wally's cheques came in useful when the hut-inhabitants transferred themselves to a brick mansion in the centre of the most fashionable district of The Shore.

After the Tango—What? Guides for the Next Dance Craze.



FROM ARGENTINA TO THE LAND OF THE LITTLE FATHER: DANCES OF THE NATIONS:
No. I.—THE HIGHJINKSKY FLING—FROM RUSSIA.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

NON - STOP PRESS NEWS.



ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT (*under heading of "Health Notes"*): Severe pains in the feet at night generally indicate a rheumatic or gouty state, which can only be completely cured by a course of waters at Aches-les-Bang or Aches-la-Cha(t)pelle.



EDITOR (*to reporter*): Now, look here: this afternoon I've booked you for a flight with one of these upside-down airmen, and I want you to make a real pithy article out of how it feels.

DRAWINGS BY RADCLIFFE WILSON.



ON THE LINKS

A GOOD DEAL "ON" IN THE "OFF" SEASON: GOLF MOVEMENTS AND GOLF MIRACLES.

A Busy Time in Mid-Winter.

Upon the authority of all who know nothing of golf; and others who, being not bold, give attention to such matters as the frost, the cold, the wind, and the wet; and, again, others who like for a time in the year to eat heartily and be not wise—by all the evidence of these people this is the dead season of golf, and it is not played. And yet we have the most impressive evidence of its being played nearly everywhere in the country, and out of it, to what some people would regard as very nearly excess. There has rarely been a busier after-Christmas season than there was this time, and the right weather just lasted long enough. When there are any doubts as to whether golf is being played or not, the best people to give you reliable information on the subject are the makers of balls, and one of the leading firms in the country has just informed me that never since it went into business—and that was before rubber-cored balls were invented—has it been so busy as it is at the present time, and that for months back it has been vainly endeavouring to catch up with the orders that have been pouring in upon it. Apart from this, I, as one who has got into the way of making a note of things, have never known so much of real interest—apart from championships—in the golf world to be happening in such a short space of time. Here it is being announced what Americans are coming over for the great events this year before we have even had time to decide on what date the Open event—which takes place at Prestwick—will be held, or what the conditions of the play will be, a special conference taking place between the authorities and the council of the Professional Golfers' Association in a few days from now. What line their deliberations will take it is hard for anyone to prophesy. We have all been talking and arguing about this matter for ages past, and we seem to be no nearer to the right conclusion. Upon one idea we are, however, concentrating to some extent, and that is that reform must be either in the direction of sectional qualifying competitions in different parts of the country or a system of exemption of those players who are obviously fully qualified—or both. We are all very tired of two things, one being a long-drawn-out qualifying competition at the seat of the championship for the year, which is made to last longer than the championship itself, and the other of a system by which the men who win the championships, and others who are equal to doing so and are public favourites, are debarred from competing—for that is what it amounts to.

Upon the authority of all who know nothing of golf; and others who, being not bold, give attention to such matters as the frost, the cold,

Threes, and Little Besides.

seemed to begin with an astonishing series of seven 3's that were obtained in succession by one side in a foursome that was played at Monifieth. More than seven 3's have been obtained in a match

before, but I doubt if seven have ever been got one after the other. Moreover, the parties in this contest, Messrs. William Robertson junior and G. B. Simpson, obtained two more before they had finished their round, which worked out to 66, and I very much doubt if any more than that have been done. I remember that Ben Sayers did nine once in a round on the old course at North Berwick before it was lengthened. After this there came the tale of the assistant professional, L. J. McRae, holing with his approach shot at the third hole in each of three rounds at Flackwell Heath; and on the same day there was Mr. G. H. Bramber doing the second hole in one at Shooter's Hill, and, exactly twelve months before, he had holed the twelfth in one on the same course. Added to all this, there was Mr. Arthur Everett, a South London golfer, fifty-seven years of age, who did not begin golf till he was forty-six, announcing that he had made up the number of holes he had done in one stroke to the even dozen, ten of them having been done in the last two years, and his handicap is 12. Yet Mr. Hilton, whose handicap is not 12, says he has only holed in one once in all his life.



THE RECORD DRIVER FOR SOUTH AFRICA :
W. H. HORNE, WHO IS BECOMING PROFESSIONAL TO THE DURBAN GOLF CLUB.

Horne was born at Dover in 1882. He will leave Littlestone-on-Sea soon to become professional to the Durban Golf Club, South Africa. This club was founded in 1892, and has some 300 members. It is

half a mile from Durban.

Photograph by Topical.

Mr. Hambro's Long Shot. When all this had been done, one may not gasp at

the news that Mr. Angus

Hambro, M.P., playing in a foursome at Walton Heath with Mr. Ferdinand Ruffer, the German amateur champion, as his partner, played a second shot, with a wooden club, at the fifteenth hole which gave the ball a carry of 270 yards and a total length of 305. The latter figure is not very wonderful

in these days, and at this same hole, which is downhill, James Braid once drove 395 yards, having a wind and frost-bound course to help him. But a carry of 270 yards is extraordinary, if that was the real length of it. The distance does not seem to have been measured by a tape, but to have been merely "paced"; but the figures are probably tolerably correct, especially as Braid, who was in the match, says that it was the most wonderful shot he has ever seen in his life, and the old champion has witnessed

HENRY LEACH.



WE CAN'T RESIST PUBLISHING THEIR PORTRAITS AGAIN! PICTURESQUE GIRL CADDIES OF THE DUCAL GOLF CLUB AT OBERHOF, NEAR FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN.

Post President Sholto Douglas is seen on the right; and the President, Otto Bestehorn, on the left.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

a few, including some specialties of his own. And then there is a very fine score of 69 which has been made by Mr. H. E. Ellis at Ryde, which is the first time a round has ever been done there in less than 70. This is good for the "off" season.

HENRY LEACH.



REVUES AT THE EMPIRE AND THE PAVILION: A PLAY AT THE TIVOLI.

THE long-announced revue at the Empire has been duly produced, and has been received in a spirit which may fitly be described as wholly sympathetic. It was my fate to be there on the second performance, and I can only say that during the three hours of that second trial there was a scarcity of laughter in the auditorium which was almost paralysing in its effect upon the intelligence. There was plenty of beauty to be witnessed, but there were few signs of amusement on the part of the audience, which had come, it must be presumed, well prepared to laugh should occasion arise, but was handicapped by the lack of much compelling reason for merriment. It is really a matter of much astonishment to the serious thinker that the gifted authors could have managed to provide so remarkably few incentives to laughter. Mr. R. G. Knowles worked most valiantly throughout, singing in his own peculiar fashion and talking persistently all through, but it was no good. The audience sat and seldom showed much disposition to laugh. The scene in the New Little Theatre, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Mr. Edmund Payne, Mr. George Graves, and Mr. Wilkie Bard appeared was very good, up to a point, but though the burlesques were well enough done in their way, they produced little of that cachinnation which was their obvious intent, and excited a minimum of applause. The only signs of enthusiasm evinced by the house were won by Miss Phyllis Bedells in her imitation of Pavlova's performance of the Swan Dance, which was excellent in every respect. "Nuts and Wine" is a good title, and it is to be hoped that its authors, Messrs. C. H. Bovill and P. G. Wodehouse, and its composers, Messrs. Frank E. Tours, Guy Jones, and Melville Gideon, will see the advisability of taking it seriously in hand and of introducing something into it to break in upon the languor of the audience. It is beautifully put on, but, after all, laughter is its object, and it is confidently to be hoped that before long that desirable adjunct will be forthcoming.

At the Pav. Those who seek mirth-provoking entertainment might do worse than pay a visit to the Pavilion, where there is being given yet another revue, entitled "Alice Up to Date," which has been written by Mr. Fred Thompson, with music composed by Mr. Philip Braham. Here we have a collection of performers completely unknown to me, at any rate, yet successful in keeping the house in a state of perpetual amusement. The piece is in five scenes, and means just about as little as this sort of piece makes a point of meaning, as a rule, but it certainly amuses. The programme contains a list of names probably unfamiliar to the audience, but they succeed in keeping it vastly amused from start to finish. The producer is Mr. Sydney Ellison, and

he has done his work well. There is a White Rabbit played by Mr. George Adams, and an Alice represented by Miss Alice du Barry, but these are of no great importance, the chief work being done by Mr. Davy Burnaby and Mr. Fred Winn, who are indefatigable in their efforts to amuse. They never relax their exertions, and are consistently successful. The chorus usually makes its appearance upon the stage through a species of tunnel at the back, and so do the ladies, who all are perfectly competent artists. It would be idle to attempt to give any idea of what anybody does, but suffice it to say that they are all thoroughly successful in their one endeavour, which is to keep the audience amused. The turn should be sufficient to keep the Pavilion going strong for some time to come, and could give points to more imposing ventures it has been my lot to see.

In the Strand. Despite all threats, the Tivoli still remains open, and the Strand still continues unbroadened at this particular point. How long this state of things is to persist remains a matter of complete doubt, but in the meantime the Tivoli still invites and obtains custom. During the past week it has provided an excellent programme, including Fritz von Derra, who boldly describes herself as the "Kate Vaughan of Today," Mr. Vernon Watson, the Popular Mimic, Mr. George Formby, the entertaining Lancashireman, and, last, but not least, a dramatic episode, by Mr. Malcolm Watson, entitled "Sanctuary." In this last-named little piece we are introduced into the studio of an artist near Hampstead Heath. It is late at night, and a chair contains the figure of a model. Suddenly there is a violent knocking at the door, which, on being opened, admits a fugitive

lady, who is fleeing from the Metropolitan Police. After a few minutes' conversation, there is further knocking, and the lady is duly ensconced in the model's chair, and on the door being reopened, the police are admitted. A man has been murdered, and the law is on the track of the criminal. The artist gives permission for a search to be made of his rooms, and the police retire satisfied. Immediately on their departure, the lady returns from the chair and tells the whole story of the happening, and directly she has finished, another knock comes upon the door, and she retires once more—this time outside the window. The police return with the request that they may deposit the body for a short time in the rooms, and the artist, having granted their request, examines the body, which he finds to be that of his brother. He then proceeds to offer the constable a drink, pretends to have cut his hand, motions to the lady, who makes her escape, and all is thus ended. This little piece is very well played by Mr. Alban and Miss Helen Russell, and the reception given to it is of the most cordial description.



POPULAR AT THE LYCEUM: RAY AND ZACK AS WINNIE AND BERTIE, THE BABES OF THE PANTOMIME, "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

ROVER.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

WHERE THE EARLY MOTORIST SCORED : THE "SURE START": WHATEVER'S WRIGHT IS RIGHT.

A Fallen Standard. If only cars had been as efficient a dozen years ago as they are now, motorists of the pioneer days would have actually been better off than their successors of to-day! In spite of all our early troubles, there was one thing upon which we could depend, and that was good petrol. Its normal standard of specific gravity was 680 degrees, and we set so much store by these figures that if at any time, by means of testing with a densimeter—a little instrument strongly resembling the clinical thermometer—we found that the spirit was 700 degrees, we at once rejected it as stale, and used it for cleaning purposes only. No motorist in those days would have insulted his carburettor by using anything so heavy. The standard petrol of commerce, however, is now some thirty to forty degrees heavier, while the cheaper brands run up to 760 degrees. Nevertheless, our notions of the ideal standard have not been determined from choice, but from sheer necessity; in other words, we have had to take what the petrol companies choose to give us. The reason why we are able to use a standard which at one time would have been wholly impracticable is simply that carburetters themselves have been greatly improved, while

designed and well manufactured, it should earn a big sale in this country—indeed, it almost tempts one to enter the accessory business one's self! For the present, however, when motors are refractory on cold mornings, we must continue to fall back upon the time-worn method of wrapping up the carburettor in a duster and saturating it with hot water from a kettle.

The Wright Stabiliser. It is good news to learn that Orville Wright believes that

he has perfected a stabiliser for aeroplanes. The far-reaching effects of this long-sought device are well-nigh incalculable, and certain it is that "Flying for the Million" is thereby brought much nearer than has for a long time seemed possible. Had the announcement come from any other source, we could have received it with becoming incredulity—or at least with a decided suspension of judgment. From first to last, however, there has never been any bunkum about the Wright Brothers' methods, which were as opposite as the Poles from the vaunting spread-eagleism of a certain type of Yankee. Nothing more impressed those who witnessed the late Wilbur Wright's experiments in France than the man's solidarity and reticence. He would never commit himself to an opinion unless sure of his ground, and even in that case was disinclined to be communicative. A friend of mine said to me at the time, after coming straight away from the aviator's side, "When Wilbur Wright says a thing is so, it's gospel truth." The surviving brother, if in some ways of a different temperament, has nevertheless gone on quietly with his experiments without any "boosting," and his announcement that success has crowned his efforts may be accepted as of the greatest scientific value: Like all great inventions, Mr. Orville Wright's device is eminently simple, and consists of a small vane which is controlled by a compressed-air cylinder not unlike the familiar spring which is fitted to office doors. When the aeroplane pitches or rocks, this vane throws in a gear which controls the elevator, while a second cylinder of compressed air is used to warp the wings. The air-pressure in the cylinders is maintained by means of a small windmill fixed above the upper main plane. A pendulum is also employed in order to ensure lateral stability.



A MUSICAL PLAY WRITTEN BY TWO AIRMEN: CAPTAIN CLIVE WATERLOW REHEARSING MEMBERS OF THE CAST OF "A SAILOR IN FAIRYLAND."

"A Sailor in Fairyland," produced at the Town Hall, Farnborough, last week, was originally written in part by Lieutenant R. A. Cammell, who was killed in an aeroplane smash at Hendon, and it was finished by Captain Clive Waterlow, of the Royal Flying Corps, who has been concerned with air-ships since the days of the "Nulli Secundus." The production was on behalf of local charities.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

a great majority of the factors that used to baffle the neophyte when he tried in vain to start his engine have now been removed. All the same, engines start up none too readily at times, particularly in cold weather, and the fact is mainly due to the use of heavier petrol. It is with no small interest, therefore, that those who were keen-sighted enough to "spot" the details observed on the 1914 Cadillac at Olympia a fitting which was designed to relieve users of that car, at all events, of any trouble in the direction named. The carburettor, in a word, was electrically heated; one had only to switch on the current, and in thirty seconds the fumes of petrol would be rising into the cylinders. What more could a man wish for?

An Accessory to Be Coveted. According to the *Motor*, an electric vapouriser has been put upon the market in

America, and is of a type which could be fitted to any car. Its name is the "Sure Start," it is made in Chicago, and it weighs only ten ounces. It is described as being an auxiliary carburettor of small size, into which a minute quantity of petrol is admitted from the petrol-service pipe by an electric valve. An accumulator or dry battery supplies sufficient current to heat the vaporiser, and a switch on the dashboard gives control. If this particular device is well



INVENTOR OF A "FOOL-PROOF" AEROPLANE: MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT.

Mr. Orville Wright has invented a stabiliser, or automatic balancer, which, to use his own expression, makes flying "as nearly fool-proof as anything can do." The weight of the device giving automatic control is 30 lb. The apparatus can be brought into use within a minute of the machine rising into the air, and can be switched on or off by the pilot.

Photograph by C.N.



THE FAMOUS AIRMAN WHO FIGURES IN A DUEL COMEDY: M. VÉDRINES (X) ON HIS ARRIVAL AT HELIOPOLIS.

M. Védrines, the famous airman, who flew recently from Nancy, on the Franco-German frontier, on a 3500-mile journey in Europe, Asia, and Africa, to Cairo, and with the intention of continuing the flight across Asia to Ceylon, and then, by way of the Malay Archipelago, to Australia, arrived at Heliopolis, in the suburbs of Cairo, at the end of last year. Since then he has figured much in the papers. He accused M. Roux of being guilty of unsportsmanlike behaviour and struck him. M. Roux then challenged M. Védrines to a duel, and the latter, refusing to fight, was ordered by M. Quinton, of the French Air League, to accept the challenge or return to Paris without finishing his flight. In answer to this M. Védrines telegraphed that he did not accept M. Quinton's orders and that he would fight him on his return to Paris, although he would not fight M. Roux, whom he called "the anti-Frenchman."

Photograph by News Illustrations.



A SHELTERED house among the trees of a lovely Riviera promontory receives this week, as it does annually, the Empress of the French. The duration of her retirement has out-distanced the time of her exaltation. The less than twenty years of that enthroned life in the Tuileries and at Compiègne have been followed by more than forty years of obscurity, widowhood—and contumely. Of no other living woman, of no other living person, man or woman, have so many calumnies been published. The absolute silence with which the Empress Eugénie has let them pass—permitting no one to take up her defence—might have silenced other slanderers; it has encouraged hers. One thing, however, no "revelations" have succeeded in doing; they have not broken her spirit. No other octogenarian ever was so beautiful to look at, so dramatic to watch, so vivacious to hear in the telling of a story. With her the slender remnant of imperial state—the one lady-in-waiting, the secretary, the manner of giving audiences, and, it may be added, of closing them, never lost their modest dignity.



TO MARRY MISS M. GRENFELL ON JAN. 17: MR. W. R. STEWART.

Mr. Stewart, of the Rifle Brigade, is the son of the late Major-General the Hon. Alexander Stewart and of Mrs. Basil Anstruther, of Lennox Gardens.

Photograph by Langfier.

Tommy for Short.

Mr. Henry Chaplin, referring in a letter to the *Times*

to Dr. William Russell, is obliged to break loose and to repeat the name over again in a form familiar to the late war-correspondent's friends. He is bound to speak of "Billy" Russell. The precedent is a good one. There are people who are never thought of but in endearing abbreviations. Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, says the Press, is to establish a new organ of opinion, and even as the grave names stare us in the face we translate them into just "Tommy Bowles." A little of the same unloading would seem to be desirable in the title of the new venture, the *Candid Quarterly Review*. Disraeli, who gave many mental good marks to Tommy when Tommy was younger even than he is now, would have told him that this title is a trifle too cumbrous, for

Disraeli used to say he preferred "Tory" to "Conservative"—because, as he said with a shrug and a grimace, "Conservative is so long."

TO MARRY MISS BESSIE ENGLISH TO-DAY (JAN. 14): MR. A. D. EDMUNDSON CRAIG.

As we note under our page photograph portrait of Miss English, Mr. Craig is a very good violinist and very keen on out-door sports. The wedding is to be at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Photograph by Caswall-Smith.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN SAMUEL HIBBERT, R.A., TO-MORROW (JAN. 15): MISS ENID DOROTHY TREACHER. Miss Treacher is the youngest daughter of Sir William Hood Treacher and Lady Treacher, of 50, Hans Mansions. Her father has held, amongst other important administrative positions, those of Consul-General in Borneo, first Governor of British North Borneo, British Resident at Perak, and Resident-General in the Federated Malay States. Captain Hibbert is the younger son of the late Colonel F. G. Hibbert.

Photograph by Thomson.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MR. VYVYAN B. HOLLAND, YOUNGER SON OF THE LATE OSCAR WILDE; AND HIS WIFE (FORMERLY MISS VIOLET CRAIGIE).

The wedding of Mr. Holland and Miss Violet Craigie, daughter of the late Colonel Edmund Warren Craigie, 2nd Dragoon Guards, of The Grange, Putney Hill, took place last week at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street, S.W. The bride is an actress. Mr. Robert Ross, literary executor of Oscar Wilde, was best man.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

A Lost Address. Mr. Henry Chaplin's letters in the *Times* keep all the old snap. Having the good fortune to

be related by blood to the institutions he admires, he can state the case for Sutherland deer-forests with a heartiness never found in the out-and-out politician. But something is wanting: the letters have the old snap, but lack the old address. Of all people, Mr. Henry Chaplin had most reason to deplore the exodus from Stafford House. That establishment served many purposes. At one remote time, when it was the headquarters for family relations at interesting epochs, it was known familiarly as "the lying-in hospital"; to Mr. Chaplin it served as the most convenient of all possible "furnished apartments," and the most reasonable of all places from which to send forth defiance to "D. L.-G."

"G. B. S." in Effigy.

When such things were of moment to him, Mr. Bernard Shaw decided that he would secure three hundred and sixty-five consecutive notices in the daily Press. He managed, with plays, books, lectures, interviews, and letters, to appear, in one shape or another, in the papers for every day of an eventful year. It was a triumph at the time; nowadays the same thing happens automatically.

But one sort of advertisement

"G. B. S." could not (short of murder) secure at a period of comparative obscurity. The other day, as his taxi sped down the Marylebone Road, he was confronted with a row of hoardings covered with his name; his effigy has been admitted to Madame Tussaud's. Nor had he then been in a position to give a "verdict" of manslaughter.

The Homely Office. The War Office is less sensitive than most departmental establishments to changes of staff. The coming or going of a Secretary makes very little impression on that vast interior, and although Sir Edward Ward's retirement means the removal of certain small bag and baggage, it is the loss of his genial presence rather than of his belongings that is felt in the department. The looks of the Home Office are more easily affected. To those who knew its inner apartments under Mr. Churchill's rule it is hardly recognisable under Mr. McKenna's. The note of colour, supplied

ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR WHITWORTH: MISS MONICA DANSEY.

Miss Dansey is the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward M. Dansey, late 1st Life Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Dansey, sister of Lord Gifford. Mr. Whitworth is the eldest son of Mr. and

Mrs. Whitworth.

Photograph by Swaine.

by rugs and a few choice pictures, is gone. The Home Office is homely no more; but it is something more of an office.



TO MARRY MR. W. R. STEWART ON JAN. 17: MISS M. GRENFELL.

Miss Grenfell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Riversdale Grenfell, of The Hall, Welwyn, Herts.

Photograph by Langfier.



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR WHITWORTH: MISS MONICA DANSEY.

Miss Dansey is the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward M. Dansey, late 1st Life Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Dansey, sister of Lord Gifford. Mr. Whitworth is the eldest son of Mr. and

Mrs. Whitworth.

Photograph by Swaine.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Poet on Our Climate. Mr. Stephen Phillips, in the *Poetry Review*, bewails the climate of the British Islands as wholly unfit for the Muses to breathe in, and urges that much of our best poetry was written in Italy.

Now, though this may be true of Shelley, it is not true of our most imaginative poet, Keats, who only went to Italy to die; nor of Coleridge and Wordsworth, who found the damp Lake Country sufficiently inspiring; not to mention one Shakespeare, who hailed from the flat and clayey Midlands, and wrote in London. Milton travelled in Italy, and has left an immortal souvenir of that journey in one line: "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks In Vallombrosa"; but he composed "Paradise Lost" in a modest cottage at Chalfont St. Giles.

Meredith wrote "The Woods of Westermain" and "Love in a Valley" in Surrey. Swinburne was rapt into burning ecstasies in rainy Oxford and suburban Putney. Francis Thompson touched the stars while he tramped the streets of London selling matches. The fact would seem to be that the more dingy the environment, the more the poet turns to the Inward Vision. His imagination works, like a flame, in a London fog; put him in Naples or facing the Bernese Oberland, and he will probably write sentimental clichés. Among our women poets it is the same. Elizabeth Barrett had already made her fame when she eloped with

WITH A THREE-DECKER SKIRT: A NEW FROCK.
One of the new frocks, showing a three-decker skirt (as above), is made of soft silk with edgings, and a shaped collar of fur.

Browning and went to live in Florence. I have every reason to believe that Alice Meynell does her best work in a flat off noisy Oxford Street. In a word, if you have the making of a poet in you, it will come out in any climate short of the West Indies. And there, in the heavy tropics, even Lafcadio Hearn, who was half Greek, could not do literary work.

The Originality of Englishwomen. Given a vigorous, opinionated, and self-expressive race like the English, and the fact that daughters notoriously resemble their fathers in character and not their mothers, it is no wonder that this island has given birth to more women of genius and originality than any other country. Here, the middle class has produced the women writers of genius and the scientists, while the aristocracy has evolved a singularly independent type of woman, such as the traveller, explorer, and sojourner in outlandish places. This type of Englishwoman — usually brought up in luxury — never seems to have minded roughing it or facing danger with a firm front. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lady Hester Stanhope, grand-daughter of the great Chatham — whom she closely resembled in her old age — were both singularly representative of that great Ruling Class, whether Tory or Whig, which seems to be dying out in England. The letters of Lady Hester — who, after being the spoiled beauty and wit of William Pitt's household, left England for ever: "lived her own life," as the cant phrase has it, in Constantinople with a youth fourteen years her junior — have lately seen the light, and are indeed the most absorbing reading. This woman well in the thirties was worshipped like a queen by the

Bedouin Arabs; she knew no fear, and would go on exploring expeditions, find out and punish the murderers of other Europeans, camp out with the tribes in all the loneliness of the desert. As long as we keep our proud position we shall breed this type — in fact, it is a type which is no longer peculiar to a long pedigree. There is, at the moment of writing, an elderly Scottish woman in Nigeria, who started as a missionary, but who is now a kind of unofficial Judge and arbitrator, who lives alone in a reed hut, wrapped in a woollen robe, and who is consulted on native affairs not only by the chiefs of tribes, but by the English officials. Give a wise woman authority, and she will seldom misuse it.

Village Music. The other evening, from six to seven, in the house on the Downs where I was staying, the Village Band came up to play for us. They stood in a circle, twenty young men, on the drive outside the door, with their own acetylene lamp overhead, and performed a varied selection, from "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" to the Tango, doing it all uncommonly well. A year ago, I hear, these rustic musicians were mere amateurs; but by assiduous practice, and a gratis performance in the village square on summer nights, they have become musicians. They are financed, to be sure, by the local gentry, who provide them with good instruments, and allow them a room to practise in. To-day these youths are competent enough to play at balls in the neighbourhood. It is one of the most pleasing traits of modern English country life that I have recently come across, for the Morris Dance, however delightful in itself, always savours of Chelsea rather than the Chilterns, and has too archaic an air to please our modern country folk. I do not know why someone does not try to raise a Girls' Band in the same way. The other day, at the Court Theatre, I found a highly competent woman's orchestra, conducted by an energetic lady, with only two youths in it — and those had probably crept in as understudies. Music is so obviously a woman's profession that the entrance of the first feminine Young Person into an orchestra was an event of the first importance.



IN FIR-TREE GREEN RATINE:
A FROCK FOR THE COUNTRY.

This frock, suitable for the country, is made of fir-tree green ratine. The jacket, inspired by the Russian blouse, has a leather belt just below the waist.

Joy-Bells. Driving across London about seven o'clock on Sunday night, I was pleased to hear the faithful being called to prayer by carolling bells of a joyful sound, rather than by the old-fashioned tolling which always suggested a recent demise. This pealing was particularly gay at Kensington Church, and shows that our ecclesiastics are waking up and endeavouring to compete with the cinema and the Sunday concert. It is certain that the people do not want mournful ceremonies and sermons in the semi-darkness, but a certain amount of that ritual excitement which the Roman Catholic Church wisely provides.



AN ORIGINAL EFFECT IN STRIPES: A NEW MODEL.
An amusing effect is given to this model by the arrangement of the striped material of the skirt. The little waistcoat-shaped coat worn with it is of plain cloth.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 28.

THE UNION PACIFIC SCHEME.

WE have consistently recommended the Common shares of the Union Pacific Railway in these columns for a long time past, and we still consider them a promising purchase. We do not, however, see anything very attractive in the latest proposal to distribute the Baltimore and Ohio holding among the shareholders. In so doing the directors will be falling in with the Government's wishes and thus put an end to the possibility of trouble from that quarter; but, beyond this, we fail to see how the shareholders' position is altered.

Including the three dollars cash, the "bonus" is worth, roughly, thirty-three dollars to each 100-dollar Union Pacific share, and is producing about two dollars of income per annum. After the distribution, the Union Pacific dividend is to be reduced from 10 per cent. to 8 per cent., so there will be no improvement in the shareholders' income. With regard to security, there will, of course, be an ample margin behind the 8 per cent.—something like an additional 5 per cent.—and we think the 6 per cent. which is now being paid on Baltimore Common is pretty safe, as current earnings are at the rate of about 7 per cent.

The question of the right of the Preferred stock-holders to participate in this distribution is ignored in all statements issued up to the present, but it is probable that the matter will be settled once and for all before very long. The holders of the Convertible Bonds, as a morning contemporary pointed out, have a very genuine grievance. They have the right to convert into Common at 175 up till 1917, but the present distribution practically compels them to exercise the option at once or relinquish it for good and all.

Altogether, there really seems very little in the scheme one way or the other from the Ordinary shareholders' point of view, and it can hardly please the other classes of interests. On the other hand, the directors probably know their business best, and we imagine they are bowing to the inevitable with the best grace that they can muster.

SOME BANK RESULTS.

There is a remarkable uniformity in the results of the various banks during the past year. In every case where the figures are available, the profits have been appreciably larger than in 1912; and also, without exception, it has been found necessary to allow even larger amounts for depreciation of investments than was the case a year ago.

In spite of this latter item, however, in no case is the dividend reduced, and in one or two instances it has been found possible slightly to increase the return to the shareholders.

The only full Report available at the time of writing is that of the London Provincial Bank. The gross profits of this concern amounted to £953,150 as compared with slightly under £800,000 last year. The available balance was £351,680, out of which the directors have had to utilise £148,000 in writing Consols down to 75, and all other investments below market value. The dividend remains unaltered at 19 per cent. for the year, while the carry-forward is slightly lower, at £24,700.

The London, City and Midland is another Bank which shows a large increase in gross profits, which are £225,000 higher at £1,235,000; but it must be remembered that two provincial concerns have been absorbed during the year, and their figures are now included. The dividend remains unchanged at 18 per cent., but no less than £326,000, or more than double last year's figure, is appropriated for writing down investments.

In view of results such as these, it is not surprising that the market for all Bank shares has been a strong one lately; and we regard the future as promising. In all probability money will be cheaper during 1914 than during the past year, and therefore it is possible that it may be difficult to maintain gross profits at their present high level; but the same causes which tend to reduce profits will also tend to prevent any further serious depreciation of high-class securities, and so we do not imagine there will be any difficulty in maintaining the present rates of distribution.

A SCRAP-BOOK.

We recommended Russo-Asiatics last July at 17-8, and now they're more than double that figure. We hope that some of our readers took the tip and profited thereby. We much prefer to rejoice in the good fortune of others than not rejoice at all!

We recommended Kern Rivers when they were considerably higher than at present, so we are especially pleased to see that good reports are to hand from the St. Helens Petroleum Company, which is a subsidiary concern of Kern Rivers. We think the shares can still be held.

"Failure of 47 Banks in Brazil!" Thus read the poster of an evening paper last week, and we imagine it sold the paper pretty

fast. We were "had," and it seems very doubtful whether that copper can be recovered on the plea of false pretences. The concern in question called itself a Bank because it lent money; it had forty-seven branches, and a capital of £100,000! Was Accuracy ever more inaccurate?

We have often referred to the speculative nature of Oil shares, and especially new Oil ventures, unless under the auspices of a sound group. We hope none of our readers applied for shares in the Petroleum Company of Ildokani, as the prospectus was really remarkable for its paucity of valuable information.

The increased number of natives employed on the Rand at the end of December was not altogether unexpected, but is none the less satisfactory, as it is the first increase recorded since March. Unless the present unfortunate strike on the Railways again disorganises affairs, we expect to see still further increases during the next few months.

RUBBER IN 1913.

Messrs. Hale and Son have now issued their usual Annual Report of the Rubber Market for last year, and their views may be of interest to many of our readers.

"During the past year," the Report commences, "the Rubber Market has experienced a time of general depression, and one critical to the welfare of the industry. At the end of last year a review of the position in no way suggested the remote possibility of such a slump in value as has been experienced . . . and the very serious fall in prices cannot be said to be solely the result of over-production, as has been suggested. The chief cause has been the monetary stringency seen all over the world, which has particularly checked the rapid expansion of the Rubber industry. In February, financial difficulties in America caused a general nervousness. . . . The position was further aggravated by the slowness of the Continental demand caused by the Balkan War. . . . During March, serious strikes in America, at Akron (Ohio), took from the market the largest consumers in America, when trade was further interfered with, even after the strikes were settled, by a total stoppage of work through the disastrous floods. . . . During the autumn a much steadier market has been seen, and a general improvement in the trade demand."

Reviewing the statistical position, Messrs. Hale and Son consider that there is no reason to think consumers cannot easily absorb the world's production, which at present is probably about 110,000 tons. With regard to prospects: "It seems likely at present that arrivals will be fully enough to fill the trade orders and covering of forward sales; it is doubtful, therefore, if any encroachment on stocks will be made for some little time. Manufacturers are only small holders, and with any improvement in trade, they are likely to consider the present level of values as a safe one to carry stock for future requirements. It must be remembered that consumers have always been fully aware of the estimated increase in the output from the East in future years, and the increase of supplies next year has been fully anticipated and discounted. With prices at their present level it is likely that the production from the East will fall short of these estimates, as many cannot produce at a profit, and it is certain that a very considerable falling off also will be seen in many wild rubbers which do not pay to collect. This has already been seen by the smaller arrivals of Congo, Guayule, and many grades from the West. Considering this aspect and anticipating a revival in the general trade demand, both on the Continent and America, we look for some improvement in the demand and hardening of rates in the early spring."

Saturday, Jan. 10, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month

VERSON.—Thanks again, and congratulations on Yangtse Valleys. We do not remember saying we did not like the Motor shares, only that all such must be considered rather speculative. The Railway is certainly doing well.

DIA.—The Company appears to be doing well, but the Bonds are continually pushed and puffed in a way which makes us suspicious. This always means that someone is anxious to sell. We have nothing definite, but, nevertheless, think you would be wise to leave them alone.

H. S. (Southampton).—A first-class short-dated security, but, as you will have to pay about 102 or a bit more, you will have to allow for redemption at par. They will be issued shortly.

ARABIA.—(b, c, e) Seem worth holding. We should take a profit on (a) when possible; and (d) we do not like. We have little hope for the other two, but it is hardly worth selling now. We prefer the three shares mentioned in last week's Notes to any on your list.

SMITH.—(1) See answer to "H. S." (2) The only disadvantage is that when you are repaid in five years' time, it may be difficult to get so satisfactory a return on your money as is possible at present.

TÉCLA, LTD.—The half-yearly dividend warrants at the rate of 7 per cent. on the Preference shares of Técla, Ltd., have been posted.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Very Natty.

That is rather an old word to express a well-turned-out woman; nevertheless it is the one which rushed to my mind on seeing Lady Sarah Wilson walking up Bond Street the other day. She wore a coat and skirt of homespun in a red antelope colour, very well and neatly made. The skirt was just short enough to show stockings the colour of the dress, and black shoes with large gilded buckles. A velvet toque a shade or two darker than the dress was worn, with some soft, dark-brown feathers at one side. On a lady who is essentially smart these clothes looked just right. There was nothing much in them—but a woman well dressed!

Sun-Seekers.

Now that nineteen-fourteen has arrived, inexperienced and raw, many people are off to dodge his earlier efforts here, and look for the sun of mellower and older influence. Winter sports have claimed many. Mrs. Asquith, who is an enthusiast for them, has gone, and taken her young son, who is excellent on skates, loves tobogganing, and promises to be a skilful ski-runner. The Earl of Lytton and his son and one of his daughters have also gone to the sun and the

TO MARRY MR. AUSTIN EARL ON JAN. 17: MISS SYLVIA BRISTOWE.

Miss Bristow is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Bristow, of 66, Portland Place, and Craig, New Galloway, N.B. Mr. Austin Earl is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Earl, of Ferox Hall, Tonbridge, and is a clerk in the Department of the Secretary of the War Office.

Photograph by Thomson.

snow. There are many more English on the Riviera than usual so early in the season, and there is also an exodus to Egypt. I have seen so many white and yellow and rose-hued and blue dresses made for these sun-seekers that I begin to wonder if it is because we get so little sun in our late autumn and winter that our women love to dress in black and dark-grey. I think the sun hates dark clothes; he certainly delights to show up any seediness in them, and he makes us so much in sympathy that when we go where he reigns we almost unconsciously provide gayer and more cheery dresses and hats.

Ulster Refugees. Whatever people may feel politically about the Irish Question, a great response is being made to the scheme for housing and keeping children and incapacitated women (all those who are

WITH TWO OF HER SWISS POLICE DOGS AT SLANE CASTLE: LADY HELEN CONYNGHAM.

Lady Helen Conyngham, the youngest of the Marquess Conyngham's five sisters, is breeding some "police dogs," of a kind used in Switzerland for tracking criminals. Our photograph, taken at Slane Castle, her brother's seat in County Meath, shows her with two of her pets, "Leda" and "Rigo."—[Photograph by Poole.]

capable will stay with their menkind) in this country in the event of civil war breaking out in Ireland. The Duchess of Abercorn is president, and is a very clever and capable one. I believe that promises to look after these women and children are going in to her Grace in a most satisfactory way. No one could contemplate with calmness the idea of helpless women and innocent children being shot or starved, or in any way subjected to the horrors of civil war!

For My Lady's Chamber.

One thing that no luxury-loving woman is without in her room is Crème Simon, and the latest preparations in which its principles are included—soap and powder. The latter is perfumed either with heliotrope or violet, and is in shades of white, rose, Rachel, and Clair. The



AT A MEET OF THE WORCESTERSHIRE AT WITLEY COURT: LADY MORVYTH WARD HANDS REFRESHMENTS TO THE MASTER, MR. ARTHUR JONES.

Lady Morvyth Ward is the second of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Dudley. Witley Court is the Earl's seat near Stourport, Worcestershire.—[Photograph by C.N.]

character of these preparations is generally known to be first-rate, and their beneficent and preservative qualities—which are combined in the soap as well as in the crème—are keenly appreciated. They are sold everywhere by chemists and in first-rate stores, and are prepared by Mr. J. Simon, 59, Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, Paris.

A Sore Throat.

This is an unmixed evil, but one that our changeable weather is apt to confer upon us. A pleasant and a most efficient guard against it, or remedy if it has come, is provided in the throat pastilles of Messrs. Allen and Hanbury. They are made by a special process, with every care, from purest glycerine and fresh black-currant juice. They



BY MOTOR TO THE MEET: LADY VICTORIA PERY ARRIVING AT A MEET OF THE WATERFORD.

Lady Victoria Pery is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick.

Photograph by Poole.

are quite pure, containing no drugs. Children love them, and they do not disturb the digestion. These pastilles, which should have the trade-marks "Allenburys" and a plough on each box, are sold in tins containing 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz., or 1 lb., at 6d., 1s., 1s. 7d., and 3s. each. They are made, of course, by the celebrated firm of Allen and Hanburys, 37, Lombard Street, E.C.

Easy Got, Easy Gone. A man expounded to me the other day a theory that the reason there is a little wave of economy engulfing Society women—who are certainly not willing to spend as much at their dressmakers' and elsewhere as they were—is that less gambling is going on among our sex. I wonder? The year past was certainly pretty disastrous for backers of horses—it was outside winners nearly all the time, and outsiders about which no one seemed to have had even the ghost of tips. Ventures on the Stock Exchange were seldom even moderately satisfactory. What Bridge and Auction Bridge are played seem to be for far smaller stakes than formerly; while many women say frankly they are bored with the games now that

they are played for pence where they used to be for shillings. Women are born gamblers, and are even more of the easy-got-easy-gone temperament than men. Possibly my friend was right.



THE WEDDING OF MISS FRANCES CHURCHILL AND MR. CARDELL MARTYN AT WIMBORNE MINSTER: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH. Mrs. Cardell Martyn is the only child of the late Colonel C. M. Churchill. Mr. Cardell Martyn was formerly in the 16th Lancers. The wedding took place on the 6th, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Chancellor Bernard, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

THE TOWNSMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

ALTHOUGH there is at least another month for sport of sorts with the gun, enthusiasm for country life will soon be at its lowest ebb. Indeed, by the time February is a week old only the hunting-man will have a good word to say for amusement that lies outside the urban area. We owe something to the hunt for bringing to the back-end of winter a touch of colour and a note of enthusiasm. Yet a few days and the last representative of the last Cockney shooting syndicate will have left the countryside; on well-regulated shoots the farmers will have had their glad hour at the expense of the cock pheasants, whose numbers must be kept under control in the best interests of another season; and if the woods are disturbed again it will only be by the hunt.

I often wonder if the bird-world has any knowledge or tradition of the conditions under which sport is carried on. Nobody would care to suggest as much, but the fact remains that as soon as the guns are laid aside birds recover confidence. At the time of writing I see very few pheasants about, but in a week or two adventurous cock birds will be seen feeding with the chickens, while the partridge coveys will begin to break up, and pairing birds will allow you to come within a stone's-throw, as if they knew that you respect the fresh conditions and have no desire to take advantage of legal time-limits.

Part of this return to more intimate association and intercourse is doubtless due to the fact that the country has lost nearly all its casual visitors. Whatever may be said against the old régime, the fact remains that present conditions do not lack drawbacks. It is not for the good of the country that the "week-end" and the syndicate should take the place of the old-time resident, or that the new landlord, whose constant endeavour is to run his estate on purely commercial lines, should supersede the old owner who knew nearly all there is to know about country life and managed his property with a certain approach to tact.

I referred a few lines back to the farmers' shoot—an institution that appears to be passing slowly from use and favour. In the old days, when syndicates were unheard of, it was in many parts of England the custom to acknowledge the services that farmers rendered, and any little loss they may sustain, by giving them in January a day at the cock pheasants. The whole arrangements of the shoot would be carried out under the personal superintendence of the head-keeper, every farmer on the estate would be invited, so that on large estates with many covers and farms, the greater part of the week might be given to this sport. Lunch would be provided, and every man would get his chance with the gun and a brace of birds

at the end of the day. Naturally enough, farmers looked forward to this entertainment, just as the hunting-men among them look forward to the Hunt breakfast, to which they are always welcomed. But with the coming of the syndicate, shooting farmers are beginning to lose their day, and naturally they resent the loss. The curious sense of dissatisfaction that is in evidence all over the countryside to-day is due in part to preventable causes, and in the majority of cases it will be found that the ill-feeling, of whatever kind, is due to the mixing of urban and rural tradition. The town is invading the country, and the country, however vaguely, resents the invasion. The attempt to apply sound business principles of the urban kind to rural conditions and problems is doomed to failure. Whether in the administration of a big estate, in the handling of a farm, or in the exercise of sporting rights, the methods of the countryside must take precedence; but the town-dweller is unable or unwilling to recognise this, and from this inability comes trouble in the hunting-field, the game-preserve, the farm, and the village. The countryman is acutely conscious of the townsman's attitude, and if there is one matter more than another that attracts his attention it is the spasmodic nature of the townsman's regard. He is quick to notice the exodus that begins about the middle of January, and his contempt for the townsman who is not hardy enough to face, if not to enjoy, the rains of February and the winds of March is very pronounced. The old-fashioned landowner was in the country for ten or eleven months out of the year, and took his holiday in the summer; his successor disappears some time in January and is not seen again before April, while his visits at other seasons are extremely irregular, and none can say when he will come or when he will go. The old personal touch between those who own and those who serve is passing from landlord and tenant in the country, just as it has passed in the town at the bidding of the limited liability company. The chances are that conditions will get worse before they are better, for townsmen of all classes desire to be countrymen as well. This wish to recover the country and its heritage makes the rich manufacturer a landowner, and the energetic city clerk with a longing for fresh air a smallholder, but each is venturing into new territory, and settling among people whose methods, thoughts, and ambitions are things apart from them. Assimilation will grow very slowly, and while it is growing the troubles so faintly outlined here may assume considerable proportions. The townsman is quite sure that his own methods could not be improved upon, and the countryman is equally sure that every one of those methods would be discarded if the townsman were not as ignorant as he is arrogant.

B.

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£1000 INSURANCE. See page IX.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Riviera's Lawn-Tennis Season; Society at Winter Sports; "The Fortune Hunter," at the Queen's; The Andalusian Dancer; Miss Bessie English; The Real Princess; People from "Hullo, Tango!" Javanese Dancing Girls; Lady Hardinge of Penshurst.

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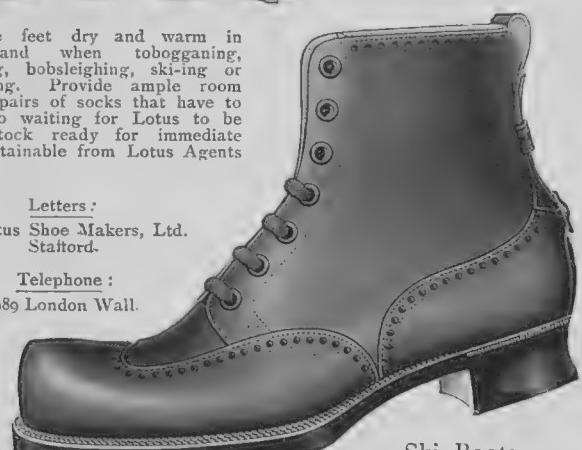
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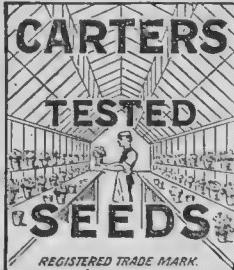
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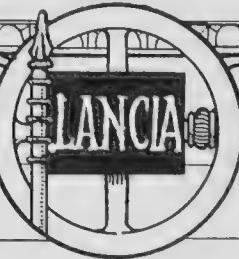
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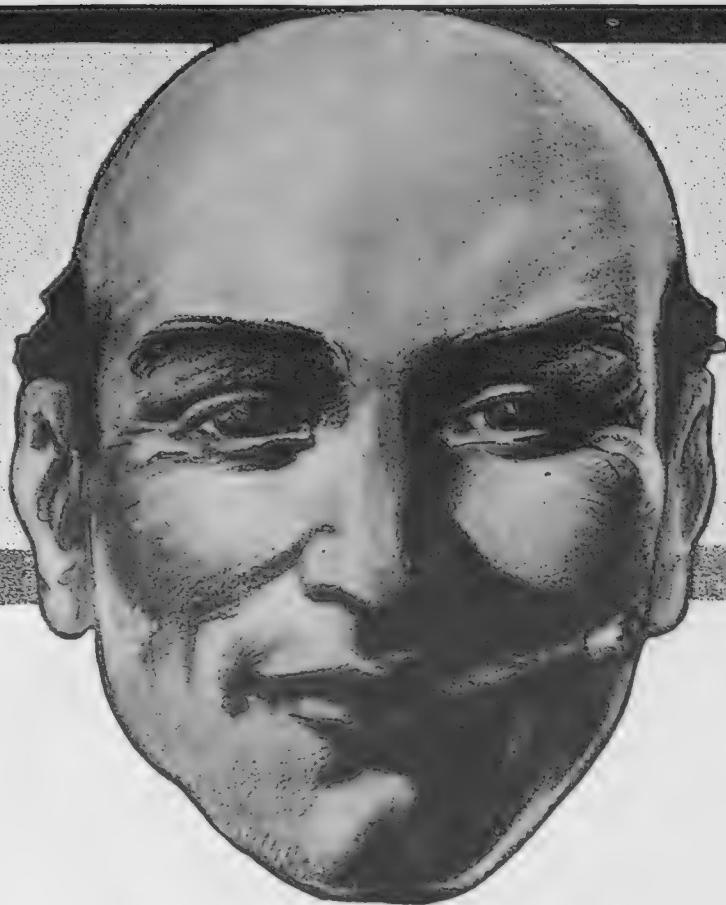
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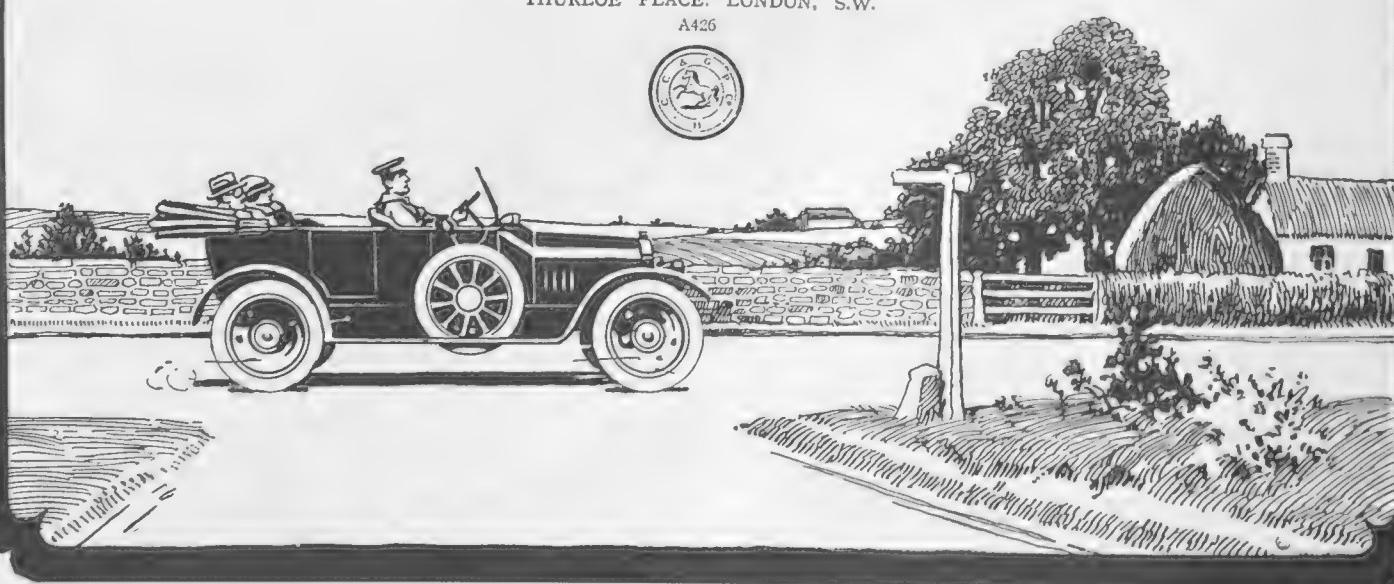
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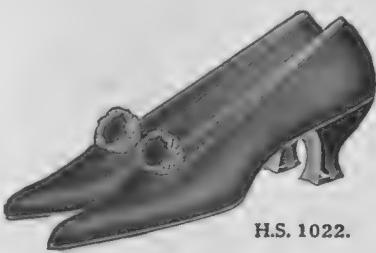
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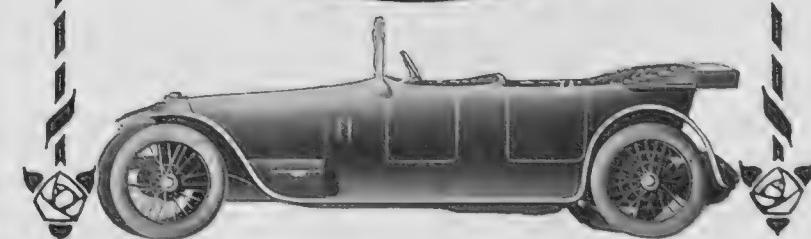
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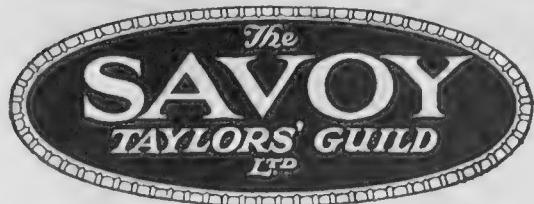
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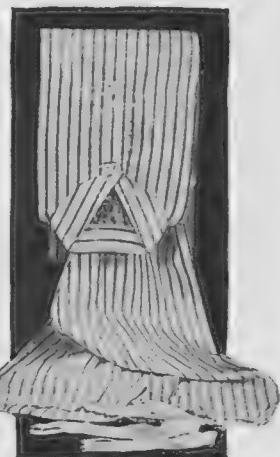
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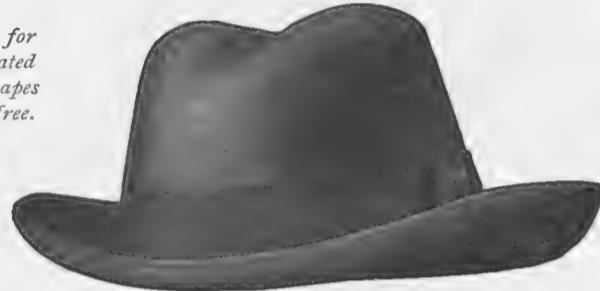
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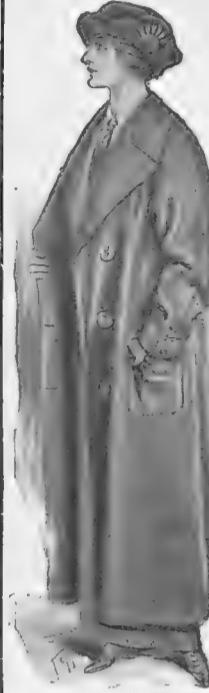
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January 14, 1914.

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A NEW NOVEL.

"The Custom of the Country."

BY EDITH WHARTON.
(Macmillan.)

Mrs. Wharton has written an exhaustive study of the American divorcée. She shows her springing in amazing sequence from the puritanism of a limited, but hard-working, generation. "Her husband? But she's an American—she's divorced," said the Duchesse de Dordogne, as if she were merely stating the same fact in two different ways. Never have six hundred pitiless pages left a heroine so destitute of pity or love as Mrs. Wharton's Undine. Her cold tenacity, her insatiable greed, her unscrupulous vanity, even her unconquerable inherited sense of virtue, reach an ugliness rarely achieved. She wanted only two things—amusement and respectability, and she sacrificed to her particular ideals of them with a mean savagery which appals. Man existed for Undine as a medium for motors, clothes, and money—a respectable medium, be it understood; and Mrs. Wharton sees the American husband submitting to this rôle as a type, but taking his revenge. The average American husband looks down on his wife! He gives her the motors, the clothes, and the money, or shoots himself or dies in the attempt, but he puts her outside the serious business of life and despises her. These be strange sayings from what we have been taught to believe the Paradise for women. It is a most unhealthy and poisonous paradise, at any rate, according to Mrs. Wharton. One has heard regrets that the ingenuity and courage of the burglar should be wasted in so poor a cause; the same reflection might apply to Undine, who as her first—and last—husband truly said, only wanted the best. So true it is, as the old Greeks knew, that thinking rightly is more important than doing so. Undine wrecked the happiness and broke the heart and destroyed the illusions of everyone whom her beauty allured because she sought so faithfully her best. And perhaps those self-sacrificing parents, moving like Père Goriot from humble to humbler, should share more blame for their notion of the best than Mrs. Wharton would imply. It is difficult to speak of this long and extremely clever book in more personal terms. "I want to get a general view of the whole problem of American marriages," is its conscious keynote. It was composed on the heights of pure speculation; it is an indictment, a challenge, a protest, anything but a romance.

"Wireless" is a subject that interests us all nowadays, and there are many people, without any scientific attainments, who would like to know how the miracle is worked, and something of the men

who have developed the working thereof. Such information is agreeably set forth in two little books that we have received. One is called "The Wonders of Wireless Telegraphy," by Professor J. A. Fleming (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net). The author is Professor of Electrical Engineering in the University of London, and (to quote the sub-title) the subject is "explained in simple terms for the non-technical reader." The book is illustrated by numerous diagrams. The other book sent in to us is "Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony," by Charles R. Gibson, F.R.S.E. (Seeley, Service; 2s. net). Mr. Gibson, whose book also is well illustrated, likewise describes his work as "a popular account of the past and present of wireless telegraphy and telephony which assumes no previous knowledge of the subject on the part of the reader." We write not as electricians, and make no attempt to draw comparisons between the two books, but as non-technical persons, such as those to whom they are addressed, we can say that they are both extremely interesting. The two books should obviously be taken together by anyone wishing to study the subject, especially as we note that Mr. Gibson devotes several pages to Professor Fleming.

Many of our readers, we feel sure, will be glad to contribute to the fund being raised on behalf of Miss Topsy Sinden, the famous and popular dancer, who has for many months been incapacitated by an accident. During her successful career, she supported members of her family, and also put by a large amount of money; but all this she lost through being unlucky as to investments. The fund is in the hands of Mr. Alfred Barnard, of the *Era*, 5, Tavistock Street, Strand, W.C.

Some four hundred biographies of younger actors and actresses have been added to the list in the new 1914 edition of that most useful work, "Who's Who in the Theatre" (Pitman; 7s. 6d. net). The editor, Mr. John Parker, has also added an interesting appendix of notable London productions and revivals from the earliest times, drawn from his forthcoming Dictionary of the Theatre.

Some of the nicest of the new diaries for 1914 are those made by the eighty-year-old firm of Messrs. T. J. and J. Smith, Ltd., 26, Charterhouse Square, E.C. They have over three hundred varieties, meeting every possible requirement for office, pocket, study, or household purposes. Among them may be mentioned the Housekeeper's Account-Book and the new "Half-Hourly" Appointment Diary. The £1000 insurance coupon included enables the possessor to cover at a small cost risks run particularly in motoring, cycling, and the perilous adventures of the pedestrian.

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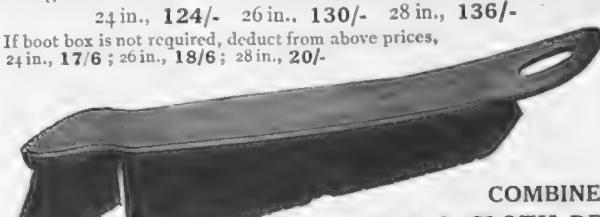
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A BRIDE OF TO-DAY IN HER ARABIAN NIGHTS' BALL DRESS.



TO MARRY MR. A. D. EDMUNDSON CRAIG TO-DAY (JAN. 14) : MISS BESSIE ENGLISH.

Miss English is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert English, of 21, Portman Square, and Scatwell House, Muir of Ord, Ross-shire. She is very keen on music, sings, and hopes to become a professional; and, like Mr. Craig,

she is very fond of skating, and is a member of Prince's. Mr. Craig is keen on every out-door sport, and is a very good violinist. The wedding is to be at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge: the honeymoon will be spent at Mürren, and, possibly, Munich.

Photograph taken for "The Sketch" by E. O. Hoppé.

THE REAL PRINCESS—A PORCELAIN.



"NO ONE BUT A REAL PRINCESS COULD BE SO TENDER AND DELICATE": A CHARMING VERSION OF A HANS ANDERSEN FAIRY-TALE.

This very charming piece of porcelain, which is by Mr. G. Niemeyer and is reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, of the Danish Art Gallery, Old Bond Street, illustrates Hans Andersen's "The Princess on the Pea." This, it may be recalled, tells how it was discovered that a girl drenched with rain and dragged by the weather was in truth a real princess. The old Queen, trying to put a pea at the bottom of the bed on which she was to sleep, placed twenty

mattresses on the top of the pea, and twenty eiderdown beds on the top of the mattresses. In the morning they asked the girl how she had slept, and she said "horribly"; that she had been lying on something hard till she was blue and black all over. Then they knew that she was a real princess, since she had felt the pea through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eiderdown beds. No one but a real princess could be so tender and delicate."

THE HIPPODROME REVUE: PEOPLE FROM "HULLO, TANGO!"



THE KING OF THE FLAPPERS AMONGST HIS SUBJECTS: MR. FRANK CARTER, AS THE FLAPPER KING, DANCING OUTSIDE "THE LADIES' PARADISE."



ON THE GOLF LINKS: MR. HARRY TATE AS GEORGE ROBEY (WITH HIS CADDIE).



"DIPLOMACY" PARODIED: MR. MORRIS HARVEY AS JULIAN, MR. GERALD KIRBY AS BEAUCLERE, MR. ERIC ROPER AS COUNT BEARDOFF, AND MISS ETHEL LEVEY AS COUNTESS ZICKA, IN THE "DIPLOMACY" SCENE.

"Hullo, Tango!" is written by the authors of "Hullo, Rag-time!" Messrs. Max Pemberton and Albert P. de Courville. The lyrics are by Mr. George Arthurs: and the music is by the composer of "Hullo, Rag-time!" Mr. Louis A. Hirsch. There are a number of dresses designed by M. Léon Bakst.

"HULLO, TANGO!" THE NEW AND POPUL



1. NOT THE TANGO! A DANCE IN "HULLO, TANGO!":
Miss Ethel Levey in the foreground.

4. MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG.

2. A FLOWER EFFECT: MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG.

5. MISS ETHEL LEVEY.

"Hullo, Tango!" need we say, takes its name from that craze-dance which certain Mr. and Mrs. Grundys are busy denouncing as "the dance of death," and which we can only hope they will be able to

YEAR REVUE AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.



6. MISS JULIA JAMES.

3. WITH DRESSES DESIGNED BY BAKST: MISS ETHEL LEVEY SINGS.

6. MISS JULIA JAMES.

7. MISS ETHEL LEVEY.

"moral death"—not at all to the dismay of the majority. Anyway, there is nothing in "Hullo, Tango!" at which even the Bishop of Kensington would shrink! and other revue lines, and is sure to be popular.

WE HAVE HAD RUSSIAN DANCERS—WHY NOT JAVANESE?



1. A PROFESSIONAL RONGGENG: A TOURING JAVANESE DANCING-GIRL.
3. A PROFESSIONAL RONGGENG: A TOURING JAVANESE DANCING-GIRL.

2. A YOUNG JAVANESE DANCING-GIRL.
4. A SRIMPI DANCER, WHO ONLY PERFORMS FOR HER PATRON PRINCE.

"The Court dancers of Java, 'Srimpis' and 'Bedoyos,' are chosen among the relatives of the reigning Princes, with the exception of their sons and daughters; the srimpi dances are always performed by girls, of whom the *corps de ballet* of the Sooltan of Jogja counts thirty or forty between thirteen and seventeen years of

age. The bedoyo dances can be performed either by girls or by boys in female dresses. . . . Srimpis and bedoyos are not allowed to show their art anywhere else than in the *kraton* before the Prince who keeps them. . . . They do not dance in the European sense of the word; they do no hopping and skipping; their motion

[Continued opposite.]

FROM A LAND WHERE OUR DANCING IS DEEMED INDECENT.



SUGGESTING ENEMIES ON HORSEBACK: JAVANESE DANCING-GIRLS, WHO DO NO HOPPING AND SKIPPING.

Continued.]

is slow and stately, expressing by the attitude of the upper part of the body, by the twisting of arms and fingers in conformity to well-defined rules, the emotions of the personages they represent . . . The common people have to content themselves with the professional *ronggeng*. She is the public dancing-girl, who goes about offering her services to everyone willing to employ her . . . Dancing as practised

by us is considered highly indecent by the native, who does not approve of young folks in their teens, still less of matrons and the husbands of their lady friends, whirling round in each other's arms. He prefers to look sedately at . . . trained artists, though occasionally he joins . . . when the professional dancer confers the favour upon him of reaching him her scarf." We quote Mr. J. F. Scheltema's interesting "Java."

WIFE OF A MUCH-GUARDED GREAT OFFICIAL : A VICEREINE.



HER EXCELLENCY : LADY HARDINGE OF PENSHURST, C.I.

Lady Hardinge of Penshurst shared, it will be recalled, the danger which so seriously threatened her husband, the Viceroy of India, at the end of 1912, when a bomb was thrown at his Excellency as, in company with his wife, he was riding on elephant-back through Delhi. That precautions are still deemed necessary was made very evident the other day when the Viceroy visited Calcutta. The railway was guarded

for one hundred miles by police standing four feet apart and bearing torches ; and during the drive to Government House the route followed was through five lines of police and military, three of them facing outwards. There were also many detectives among the crowd. Lady Hardinge, whose marriage took place in 1890, was known at that time as the Hon. Winifred Sturt, daughter of the first Baron Alington.

Photograph by Albert Jenkins.

Re SIR GEORGE LEACH, K.C.B. (deceased).
The late DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.
The late DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.
SIR LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA, O.M., R.A. (deceased),
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3 Inlaid Sheraton Design Bow-front Chests	4 10 0	
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4 Solid Dark Walnut Bedroom Suites	5 17 6	
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3 Pretty French Design White-Enamelled Bedroom Suites	5 15 0	
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3 Large White Enamelled Bedroom Suites	8 15 0	
3 Double White Enamelled Bedsteads to match, complete	1 12 6	
1 Very Elegant White Enamelled ditto, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe	18 18 0	
3 Handsome Mahogany Bedroom Suites	7 15 0	
3 Single Sheraton Design Bedsteads, complete to match	1 17 6	
2 Large Choice Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suites	10 10 0	
2 Choice Double Sheraton Bedsteads to match	2 15 0	
Elegant Queen Anne Design Bedroom Suite	12 10 0	
Costly Large Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. Wardrobe	22 10 0	
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Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelling and Shaped Legs, very fine finish	4 15 0	
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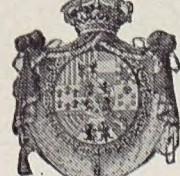
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International Exhibition, Rome, 1912.

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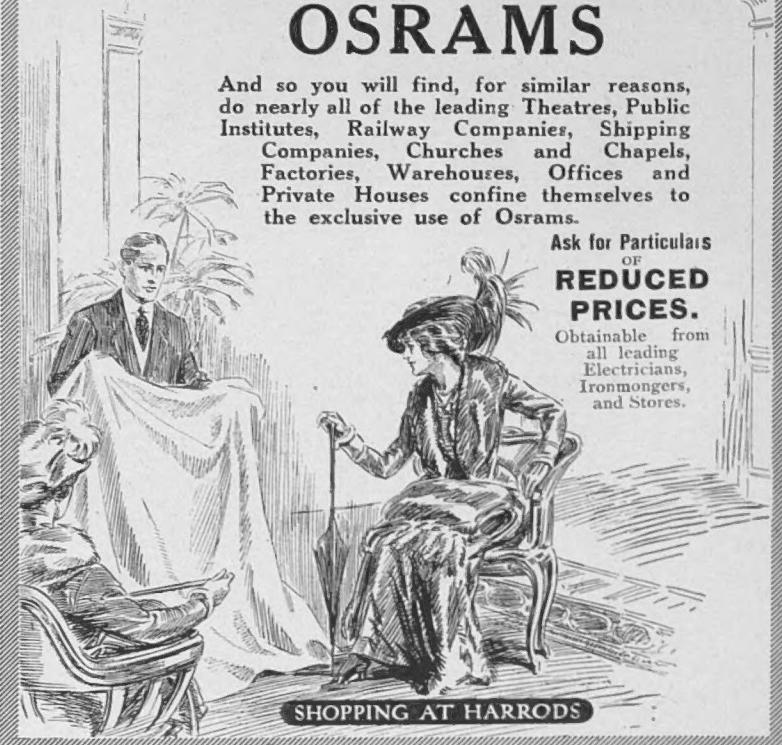
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